THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1895.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE dearth of speeches has continued during the week, and the political events to be recorded are of singularly slight interest. Next week the Church Congress at Norwich will, at least, have the effect of bringing together a number of public men for the discussion of questions of public interest; though it is notable as a sign of the times that complaints are being made of the number of Church dignitaries who are absenting themselves from this year's Congress. It may be assumed that, like the majority of their fellow-countrymen, after the excitement of the General Election they are glad of a prolonged season of repose. Perhaps, too, the abnormal weather has something to do with the prevailing political lassitude. No such weather at this time of year has been known to this generation. On Tuesday last, the 24th of September, the thermometer stood in London at 86° in the shade. This was not only the greatest heat of the year, but the greatest that has been recorded at the same season for more than half a century.

AMID the dead calm in politics there are still some signs visible which indicate the direction from which the first storm may be expected. The question of the schools and of an interference with the Education Act is clearly rising to the surface. The correspondence published last week between Mr. Balfour and Lord Cranborne has been followed by many letters in the press dealing with the same subject. These letters seem to show that, in the opinion of the Church party, the time is ripe, first, for obtaining further pecuniary aid from the public purse for the Church schools, and, secondly, for the introduction of a Bill dealing with the present system of religious instruction in Board schools. With regard to the first point, it is to be observed that those who are clamouring for further help from public funds for denominational schools denounce the idea that there should be any public control of those schools. As to the second point, a remark made on Saturday by Mr. Yoxall, M.P., the secretary to the National Union of Teachers, at a meeting at Leamington, is noteworthy. Mr. Yoxall, speaking from personal experience as a teacher, declared that the religious difficulty was the artificial creation of certain sections who held extreme opinions, and that no interference with the present system was needed.

THE centenary of the London Missionary Society has been celebrated this week at a series of meetings in the Memorial Hall and the City Temple. The London Missionary Society, which has gained a place of honour in missionary records, not only by the extent of its achievements, but by its freedom from sectarian bias, has enjoyed the support at these meetings of Khama and his fellow-chiefs. Their presence has naturally called attention to the fact that the earliest explorers and civilisers in that part of South Africa which is now dominated by Mr. Rhodes and President Krueger were missionaries, and that, long before the era of diamond mines and Maxim guns, Englishmen had made themselves at home in those regions—notably such men as Robert Moffat and David Livingstone. We are glad to see that at the interesting meeting held in celebration of the centenary there has been no shadow of an attempt to rouse a Jingo spirit in connection with missionary work, or to demand the protection of English bayonets for mission labourers.

SOME rumblings of discontent, coming from both sides, have been heard in Ireland during the week. Bishop O'Dwyer, speaking at Limerick, has delivered himself of a strong protest against the illumination of the British Embassy in Rome on the anniversary of the entry of the Italian troops into the city, forgetful, apparently, of the fact that it was a festival of the Italian nation which was then being celebrated, and that the people of this country, as a whole, sympathised heartily, and without regard to the religious question, in the movement which gave united Italy its rightful capital. On the other hand, Dr. Kane, the Grand Master of the Orangemen, has been denouncing the rumours current as to the intentions of Ministers with regard to education in Ireland. It seems clear that Mr. Gerald Balfour will not find it easier than other men have done to reconcile the rival demands of Belfast and Cork.

THE Irish-American Convention now sitting at Chicago for the promotion of the new Irish independence movement has naturally given occasion for some violent outpouring, which carries the thoughts of the middle-aged reader back for at least a generation. Mr. Finerty, who has long been associated with the physical force section of Irish patriots, and who is now supported by Tynan, the notorious Number One, and by O'Donovan Rossa, presided over the assembly, and has outlined before it a plan for the organisation of a standing army of Irish-Americans ready alike to strike a blow at some critical moment

when England is hard pressed by Russia and France, or to aid the United States to assert the Monroe doctrine against England—in Venezuela and Nicaragua we presume. We have heard such talk before—one remembers the great army composed of veterans from the War of Secession which, under the command, if we recollect aright, of General T. F. Meagher and Colonel Corcoran, was to secure Ireland her independence. But the commanders died prematurely and the movement culminated in a very small but exciting raid into Canada, and a failure to capture Chester Castle. Of course we are not blind to the possibility of a repetition of the events of 1798. But it is only a bare possibility, and one that even the present Government may do much to avert. Even the *Times* makes no capital out of this Convention, and regards it merely as a move in capturing the Irish vote for the Democrats in view of the coming Presidential Campaign.

FRIENDS of the Church of England may deprecate the scenes of disorder which occurred at the remarkable meeting of curates at Sion College on Wednesday last, but we hardly think they will feel dissatisfied with the general result. As to the noise, after all, curates are often very near the undergraduate stage, and undergraduates are unrivalled as producers of noise. One can hardly quarrel with the younger clergy because their lungs are more than ordinarily Boanergic, and their interruptions consequently louder than the average. Hard as may be the lot of the elderly and married curate, the lot of a great many vicars in these hard times is considerably worse—indeed, it is certain that many vicars of huge parishes could not get on at all without private means—and there is something about the virtual announcement by the professed successors of the Apostles that the clerical career is a trade, which ought to have a trade union, which inevitably causes a feeling of disgust.

ABROAD. As regards the great questions which threaten the peace of the world outside Europe there has been little to chronicle for the past fortnight save a continuance of suspense. The Armenian question is not perceptibly nearer solution than last week; indeed the rumours about it are less plentiful and less exciting than they were. Perhaps the international conference of friends of the Armenians shortly to meet in Paris may do something to quicken the "exchange of views" which has so long been taking place between the three intervening Powers. Meanwhile there is good reason to believe that the sufferings of the Armenian population are very serious. There have been disquieting reports of the situation in the Far East. Difficulties between Japan, China, and Russia are said to be probable in connection with the evacuation of the Liao-Tong Peninsula; and that the Japanese nation is ready to make great sacrifices for a contest with the Northern Power is clear from the very interesting letter which the *Daily News* has published this week. The Kucheng inquiry, too, is proceeding in a way that will hardly give satisfaction to the English community in China. The full reports of the indignation meeting at Shanghai show that the feelings expressed against English and American diplomacy in China were even stronger than appeared from the telegraphic reports. They also make it clear that what is demanded is not any protection for missionaries as such, but merely, as one speaker said, their "right to be treated as human beings." And it may be noted that the speakers scouted the idea that the rioters were really "Vegetarians"—that society holding the Buddhist doctrine forbidding the taking of life in its lowest forms. They denounced the tribunal as presided over by the real criminals, and the reports as to the progress of the inquiry afford their attacks some measure of confirmation.

THE celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the acquisition of Rome by the Italian Kingdom has passed off with great *éclat*. Signor Crispi's speech on the relations of the Vatican with the Italian Kingdom contained nothing with which English Liberals are likely to disagree, though they may wish that Italian Liberalism reached as high a standard in things purely secular. The amnesty, for instance, is not nearly comprehensive enough. Those political prisoners who are undergoing sentences of less than ten years' imprisonment receive a free pardon (except in cases of homicide); but those whose sentences are longer receive only a reduction of another third (one-third was remitted some time ago), which is not much comfort to men like De Felice, who will hardly live to come out. Such limitations are an admission that the country is still in danger—an admission which is against the interest of the Government. The ceremonies have been criticised as rather too Garibaldian and Republican in tone, but the inauguration of monuments to Cavour and Minghetti somewhat modifies this criticism. It is notable that the British Embassy alone exhibited by its decorations any foreign sympathy with the occasion. Even Italy's fellow-members of the Triple Alliance could not risk offending their own Catholic populations by hoisting their national flags at their Embassies.

THE shocking accounts which have been published of the conduct of certain officials of the Congo State in connection with the execution of Mr. Stokes, the trader and ex-missionary, have been partially contradicted, and will, perhaps, be cleared up at the trial of the person chiefly concerned, Captain Lothaire, whom the authorities of that State are said to have now decided to prosecute. Under these circumstances it is best to suspend judgment for awhile. But even apart from the Stokes case there is no doubt that the affairs of the Congo State are in a very critical condition, and that the Belgian Legislature is in no mood to extricate the King from his difficulties in regard to his African possession. His recent journey to England and his visit this week to Paris have been probably undertaken to obtain advice—if not to plead for patience. Possibly he has a more definite end in view. According to one rumour, France is to waive her right of pre-emption and to divide the territory of the State with Germany and ourselves. According to another, arrangements are to be made which will preclude us from any share in it, and fresh difficulties are to be prepared for us as a result of the partition. But this report is doubtless prompted by the same feeling as that confident prediction that we are forthwith to be expelled from Egypt which is one of the stock items of news in the French Press.

THE new Austrian Ministry is to assume office next week and to meet the Reichsrath on October 20th. Its chief problems are the reform of taxation—in which its predecessor was signally unsuccessful—the extension of the franchise, and the decennial renewal and revision of the financial arrangements with Hungary which are necessitated by the construction of the Dual Monarchy. As regards these arrangements the prevalent opinion in Austria seems to be that Hungary has at present more favourable treatment than is her due—so that there is plenty of opportunity for dangerous friction between the two States. In the extension of the franchise it is believed that Count Badeni's proposal will be almost as comprehensive as that with which Count Taaffe astonished the world two years ago, except as regards Galicia. But it is very doubtful whether the Cabinet can last long. It is in reality a coalition Cabinet, and the representation of nationalities in

it does not coincide with that of the parties predominant in them. The Poles are Ultramontane and Conservative in tendency, yet the two Poles in the Cabinet are Liberal. Moreover, the German nationality is divided between Liberals and Clericals more sharply, perhaps, than ever before.

EVERYTHING, indeed, points to a new era—and a reactionary one—in the politics of the Dual Monarchy. The cordial reception of the Emperor in those Slav and Rouman districts of his Hungarian kingdom where Magyar terrorism is most acute; the pardon granted to the Roumanian political offenders sentenced last year at Klausenburg; the anti-Semitic successes at Vienna, which are ultramontane and anti-Liberal almost as much as anti-Jewish; the coming agitation against the new politico-ecclesiastical laws, the scene of which is now transferred from the Hungarian Parliament to the rural districts—all seem to portend a reversion to the conditions existing from 1849 to 1867, a period when Liberalism was kept down in Austria, and the Magyars repressed by the Slav and Roumanian population in Hungary. Now it is on the German Liberals and the Magyars that the participation of Austria in the Triple Alliance primarily depends.

THE continued success of the Anti-Semites in Vienna is the most conspicuous sign of this reaction. The two higher divisions of electors of that city have voted this week. The second is known as the "Division of Intelligence," because it includes Government employés and the teaching profession, as well as a number of small proprietors—Austrian municipal elections, like those for the Reichsrath, being so constructed as to secure that separate representation of classes or interests which has been the ideal of some German *doctrinaires*. Yet in this division, "intelligent" *par excellence*, the Anti-Semites have secured 32 seats out of 46. The first division, that of wealth, has also gone anti-Semite, and the net result is that the Anti-Semites have 91 or 92 seats out of a total of 138. The accounts of the language publicly used about the Jews, and the outrages committed on them, are horrifying; but the victory appears to be Clerical and Christian-Socialist as much as Anti-Semite.

TO-MORROW the Swiss people is to be called upon to decide on a proposal so to alter the Federal Constitution as to admit of the introduction of a very curious and interesting piece of State Socialism. The making of matches in Switzerland, as elsewhere, tends to produce among the workers necrosis of the jawbone—better known in English factories as "phossy jaw"—and a Bill has passed both Houses of the Legislature making the manufacture of matches and the wholesale trade in them a Federal monopoly, the profits to be applied not in reduction of taxation, but to the improvement of the condition of the workers and the reduction of the price of the product to the consumer. This involves an addition to the text of the Federal Constitution, and therefore an application of the "obligatory referendum," which, as far as can be seen, will considerably divide the existing political parties.

THE supporters of the measure base their advocacy of it mainly on humanitarian grounds. The use of yellow phosphorus, the cause of the disease, was forbidden altogether in Switzerland from 1879 to 1882; but the safety matches which replaced the ordinary friction matches during that time were eminently unsatisfactory and very liable to spontaneous combustion. Hence the offending substance was reintroduced and the necrosis too. The opponents of the measure argue: first, that it is the thin end of the wedge of State Socialism—which is not improbable; indeed, the Socialists are enthusiastically supporting it on that very ground; next, that the Federal Government has full power under existing statutes to secure such precautions as shall prevent the disease, which, moreover, hardly exists except in the valley of Frutigen, on the way to the Gemmi Pass, and is there aggravated by the low wages and poor food of the workers; and, finally, that the Confederation will certainly have to buy up the match factories, of which there are already too many—in other words, to reward capitalists for having misused their capital. Shocking accounts are given of the condition of the workers, especially at Frutigen—underpaid and ground down by a scandalous and entirely illegal truck system. It is noticeable that the distinctive provisions of the Bill were introduced into it in the Upper House—of which one hears little, as a rule, in Swiss politics—and that the Lower House only accepted them by a narrow majority. French Switzerland seems mainly adverse to the Bill; its support is among the German Radicals, the chief advocates of that greater centralisation, especially in military matters and finance, which is tending to alter the character of the Swiss State.

THE municipal elections in Greece have generally resulted in favour of the Government. This is significant, because the demarchs, who resemble the French *maires* but have greater powers and more independence, dispose of a great deal of patronage and political influence and are of high importance at a general election. At the same time, we have become so used to surprises in Greek politics that we cannot yet expect stability. There is so much political activity running to waste in the country that it is out of the question to maintain party discipline.

LITERATURE, ETC.

A LETTER from Miss Braddon, the well-known authoress, has called attention during the week to an event of distinct public interest which has been allowed to pass almost without notice. This is the virtual death of the three-volume novel. It will be remembered that more than a year ago certain of the great librarians, unmindful of the fact that their fortunes were founded upon the three-volume system, expressed their intention to discourage it in every way for the future. Since then, the number of three-volume novels published has been very small, and those issued in this form have been sold at a much lower price than that which was formerly obtained. Miss Braddon, who has had a long and most successful career as a writer of three-volume fiction, has adhered to her old mode of publication; and her complaint is that one of the libraries has, in consequence, refused to take her new book. This seems rather ungenerous in the case of Miss Braddon, whose past labours have undoubtedly added largely to the profits of the librarians. But the fact remains that, for good or for evil, the three-volume novel is now a thing of the past. Thus one of the distinctive features of the English book trade has disappeared. It would be interesting to know what the effect has been upon authors and publishers, as well as librarians. There has been no perceptible diminution during the year in the flood of fiction poured from the press; but whether the profits of authors have increased or diminished under the new system has not yet been stated.

"LITERARY announcements" keep pouring in upon us, and only a few can be noticed here. Mr. John Murray promises a work on Latin Literature by J. W. Mackail—an announcement which must stimulate the expectations of those who are acquainted with the distinguished University career

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

of the author. Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. announce a second edition next week of the Rev. Harry Jones's "Fifty Years; or, Dead Leaves and Living Seeds." Messrs. Putnam announce two interesting historical works, illustrated from contemporary prints—a "Metrical History of the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," made up, as the name indicates, of contemporary songs, and "Echoes of the English Playhouse." "The Midsummer of Italian Art," by Frank Preston Stearns, with many heliotype illustrations, and "Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture as Representative Arts," by Geo. L. Raymond, with upwards of 230 illustrations, are also important art publications on Messrs. Putnam's list. A new edition of "American War Ballads," and another volume in the "Heroes of the Nations" series—"Charles XII. and the Collapse of the Swedish Empire," by R. Nesbit Bain—also deserve mention. Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish next week a selection of the dog stories which have appeared in the *Spectator*, made by Mr. St. Loe Strachey at the suggestion of the publisher; and also announces a new edition of Mr. Holyoake's manual on "Public Speaking and Debate," thoroughly revised by the author. Of Mr. Heinemann's forthcoming publications, the most notable are "Antonio Allegri da Correggio," by Dr. Corrado Ricci, and a second edition of the translation of M. Emile Michel's Life of Rembrandt, both plentifully and admirably illustrated; a series of manuals on the various Literatures of the World, edited by Edmund Gosse; the Memoirs of Ernest Renan and Charles Gounod; and a new work, "Paradoxes," by Dr. Max Nordau, as well as two novels by that prolific writer. Among Messrs. A. & C. Black's announcements are "Notes on the District of Menteith for Tourists and Others" by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, and a biography of John Knox by P. Hume Brown.

Mr. George Allen announces three works by Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare on North-Western France—one of those admirable complements to Baedeker or Joanne which are the delight of the cultured and not too critical traveller — a set of biographical sketches, and "The Gurneys of Earlham"—a book of the same type as "Two Noble Lives." The same publisher has in preparation "The History of Huon of Bordeaux," retold by Robert Steele, with twenty-two drawings by Fred Mason. The drawings are a charming addition to a volume which is delightful in type and paper no less than in subject and style.

The current number of *The Studio* (Office, 15, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden) contains a great deal of attractive art, not the least attractive part of it being a variety of designs for jewellery, panelling, and various other applications of art, sent in for the prize competitions in connection with the magazine; and in particular two papers on "Quebec as a Sketching Ground" and "Art in the Arctic Regions," which are very readable records of travel as well as of art. The magazine is about to be enlarged, and its price raised from the anomalous figure of eightpence to the more normal sum of one shilling. The present number is certainly worth more than eightpence.

OBITUARY.

The Rev. Joseph Harris had been for many years a popular and able master in the City of London School.—Professor Victor Rydberg was a distinguished Swedish archæologist and historian—Professor Heinrich Bardeleben, of Berlin, was one of the most eminent of German surgeons and teachers of surgery.—Professor Martin Hertz, of Breslau, was an eminent Latin scholar and historian of scholarship.—To Mr. William Shaw reference is made elsewhere.—M. Auguste Lupin is described concisely as the Father of the French Turf.

A MILITANT CHURCH.

SEPTEMBER, with its profound political repose, is almost at an end, and we may expect that before another month has elapsed the party campaign will have been once more opened. Lord Rosebery's speech at Scarborough will probably represent the firing of the first gun in a struggle that will scarcely be suspended until the next General Election is reached. It is too soon to formulate policies or to discuss rival schemes of strategy. But already we are being allowed to see at what point a collision between the two parties—and we acknowledge only two in the present condition of affairs—is first likely to take place. It is on behalf of the Church of England that the new Toryism seems determined to strike its first blow. The Church party is undeniably in an extremely militant frame of mind, nor can Liberals pretend to wonder that it should be so. The attack upon the Welsh Church was followed by a rally of the Church party everywhere in defence of an institution which was regarded as being indissolubly connected with the Establishment in England. The clergy and their allies in the laity fought with tremendous energy before and during the General Election, and they are fully entitled to the credit they take to themselves for their share in the Tory victory. That victory has evidently left them in a state of great elation. Regardless of the teachings of history, they look upon it as being something more than the swing of the pendulum; they believe that it has been a final and decisive triumph for the cause which they confound with that of religion itself. In these circumstances, they are clearly bent upon carrying on an aggressive policy by means of the Tory majority and the Tory Government. The Church, they say, has won in the popular battle, and, in doing so, has proved that it is really what it has so long professed to be—the Church of the nation. It is time, in these circumstances, that it should throw aside the cautious attitude which it has maintained for the greater part of the present century, and boldly assert its right to make the masses of the State subordinate to its own interests. We do not think that Churchmen themselves will deny that this is their present frame of mind. "To the victors the spoils!" is the cry raised by these militant Anglicans, and there are already signs that the words will be shortly converted into deeds.

It is, of course, in the matter of the schools that the first blow will be struck. Everything indicates the resolve of Ministers to give the Church what it has so long clamoured for in connection with the National system of education. When the leader of the House of Commons speaks of the "intolerable strain" which is placed upon the Church because it is required to make some small contribution to the schools over which it has complete control, and when we see his colleagues in different positions in the Government writing and speaking in the same sense, we need not be under any delusion as to what they mean. Before this new Parliament has lived for twelve months it will have been asked to dip its hand into the pockets of the tax-payers and to abstract from those pockets money not for the purpose of secular education but for that of teaching the creed of a particular religious denomination. There is no need just now to discuss the details of finance as they affect Church and Public schools. We may leave for another occasion the discussion of the proportion of the cost of

educating Church children which Churchmen are actually called upon to bear. For the present it is well to confine ourselves to the broad principles that are now obviously at stake. And the first and most important of those principles is the right of the nation to control the national system of education. Upon this point there can be no misunderstanding. What this militant Church party is now claiming is not equality of treatment for Church schools, but supremacy for the Church in the matter of education. When the Education Act of 1870 was carried the one charge which was laid against it was that it was too favourable in the terms it gave to the Church schools. This, in the eyes of Mr. Chamberlain, the present Tory Secretary for the Colonies, was the one great offence of Mr. Forster, the offence for which that statesman was to be hounded out of the Liberal party. We did not share Mr. Chamberlain's views in those days, and we are far from having adopted them since. But the fact remains that the Act of 1870 was received by Churchmen themselves as one that gave them not only fair play but generous treatment. It was one that enabled them to keep their own schools alive; it did more. It allowed them, by the aid of the public funds, very largely to increase the number of those schools. Why is it that they are now dissatisfied with a settlement which they accepted with gratitude in 1870? The answer is twofold. In the first place the Church of England has, since that period, become more aggressive and arrogant in its policy, as it has become increasingly sacerdotal in its doctrine. In the second place, clergymen have discovered that after all the State is still stronger than they are, and that it can, and does, give a better secular education in the public schools than that which they can give in their denominational schools. By capturing the School Boards in many towns and by levelling down the quality of the Board school education to that of their Church schools, the clerical party has tried to stop what they regard as an unfair competition. But even this does not suffice, and under the mistaken impression that money alone will enable them to beat the public schools, they are now demanding that this money should be provided for them by the nation. In either case their purpose is obvious. They seek, if they cannot absolutely capture the public schools, to be allowed to outbid them and to distance them in the competition for the scholars by means of schools supported by the national funds, but controlled only by the clergy.

It is in the name of religion that they make this outrageous demand, and they try to bolster up their cause by appealing to the natural feeling of their fellow-countrymen in favour of the training of our children in the faith of their fathers. We are willing to admit that they are perfectly sincere in thus confounding the cause of religion with the cause of a particular denomination. That is the common error of all sectarians. But it is obvious that this country many years ago decided formally that the funds of the State should not be employed in teaching the dogmas of any particular church, and that we should violate this great Constitutional principle, established in the first instance by the Liberal party and long since accepted by the Tory party, if we were now to yield to the clerical demands. Furthermore, it has been made abundantly clear that if once we agree to permit dogmatic teaching at the public expense, we cannot draw any line that will effectually limit the dogmas taught. We shall have to pay for teaching doctrines which are most directly opposed to each other, and which are not only repudiated but detested by those who are forced to contribute to the cost of spreading them. Men like Mr. Athelstan Riley sneer at what they are pleased to term "School Board religion." It does not suit them, not because they differ from the doctrines that it teaches, but because it does not include dogmas by which they themselves set great store. But there are members of the Church of England to whom the dogmas that find most favour in the eyes of Mr. Riley are anathema, and who will certainly groan at being compelled to support them with the contents of their pockets. The truth is that the alleged insufficiency of Board School teaching in the elements of religious truth, only means that no particular "ism," whether it be that of the advanced Ritualist or the avowed Unitarian is taught by the school-master. A foundation is laid of the truth upon which all religious men are agreed. It is for the teachers and the parents of different sects to raise upon that foundation the superstructure of dogma. This, however, does not suffice for the aggressive clerical, to whatever church he belongs. By fair means or foul he is resolved to get hold of the children for his own church and his own creed. He cannot relight the fires of Smithfield. He cannot even exclude the Nonconformist from the Parliamentary franchise or the House of Commons. But he can with a Tory Government in office and a Tory majority in possession of Parliament, lay hands upon the national purse and use it for the purpose of spreading his own dogmas to the suppression of the dogmas of other persons. This is the real and only meaning of the attack which the Church of England is now preparing to make upon the equitable system of education established in 1870. We think that the zealots who believe that no education is worth having which does not include the catechism and creeds of the Church of England would have acted a nobler part if they had not whined and moaned over the "intolerable strain" which is imposed upon them because they are called upon to bear the expense of teaching their own children their own particular dogmas. But since they have not been ashamed to come as mendicants, where, if many of them had their will, they would be only too ready to come as persecutors, the true character of their claim must be laid before the country. They are seeking to uproot the fundamental principles of religious liberty and equality. They are trying to revive a hateful system of sectarian supremacy which the Liberal party, at all events, has resisted for centuries, and which even the Tory party in its more enlightened moments has repudiated. The day when English Liberalism acquiesces in this monstrous demand of militant clericalism will be the day of its death.

MR. GERALD BALFOUR IN THE WEST.

WE said some weeks ago, in surveying the Irish situation, that the new Government had an unexampled opportunity. An enormous majority in Parliament makes them free as no Tory Government ever was before from dependence on the Orange and landlord factions. Their English opponents are only too anxious to give them fair play. The Irish Nationalists, divided as they are, cannot, even if they would, offer any very sustained resistance, and each section is chiefly desirous of winning the credit for some one of the practical reforms which are expected from the Tories. All that is needed is a little nerve and pluck, a little detachment from the influences which prevail among the officials and judges in Dublin, and Mr. Gerald Balfour may make his term of office memorable in the history of Ireland. He cannot wean the people from Home Rule, or Anglicise

them, or even make them contented with their present lot, but he can perceptibly narrow the area of acute social discord and bridge over, at least in its narrower places, the vast abyss which yawns between a bureaucratic Government and people without part or lot in the management of their own affairs. Even the most ardent Home Rulers admitted that there were dangers in the sudden revolution which, but for the steadying hand of Mr. Parnell, Home Rule must have meant ten years ago. The more successful Mr. Gerald Balfour is in obtaining the co-operation of all classes in solving any of the specific problems of Irish misery, and the more he does to make the Irish peasant—not English, for that can never be — stable and normal in his economic conditions, the less risk there will be in Home Rule, either from the point of view of England or from that of the Irish upper classes.

On the whole, Mr. Gerald Balfour has begun well. He made one or two mistakes in Parliament. The arrangement with Mr. Justice Bewley, which, one feels certain, was not the work of the Chief Secretary but of his Irish advisers, was a bad blunder and will give him a good deal of trouble before he has done with it. But once away from Westminster, he did the right thing. He did not tarry in Dublin for the permanent officials to cram him with the more or less accurate statistical inanities which they call knowledge of the country. He went straight to the West. The Irish, who are the most human of all peoples, have a weakness for the man who goes among them and looks them straight in the face. The resident landlord who is the worst rack-renter is often more popular than a lenient and generous absentee. If the agent has a hearty manner and moves in and out among the tenants, he can collect the rents twenty per cent. better than a just man who merely makes his collection in the office. This is half the secret of the power of the Irish priest. He is the most free, frank, and jolly minister of religion to be found in the whole world; he spends comparatively little time in his study, but moves in and about unceasingly among his parishioners. Such being the Irish temperament, it is only in keeping with the habitual stupidity which we have shown in governing Ireland that we have given the Irish the least personal government to be found in Europe. Even police officers and resident magistrates are frequently moved about lest they should get to know their districts too intimately. The rest of the Irish Government is either stationary in Dublin or ambulatory throughout the country; it consists of boards and inspectors. French *préfets* are not the best of rulers, but even a *préfet* is better than an inspector. A good deal of nonsense is talked about remedying this by a royal residence. We do not deny that a popular prince might do something good, just as a Lord-Lieutenant who is rich and spends his money freely can always draw a cheer. But it must not be forgotten that the Irish peasant, though his love of good horses may make him admire a fine equipage, is a shrewd politician, and has much less sense of social distinctions than the English villager. He prefers that the man who goes about Ireland should be a man who has some real power. Many a Chief-Secretaryship would have had a different history if the ruler of Ireland had begun by going right away to the West. Mr. Forster, in particular, who had gone about doing good in the famine days, would have gone straight among the people if he had followed his own instinct; but he allowed himself to be misled by the officials, and did not make his visit to Tullamore until it was too late to affect public opinion. Very few Chief Secretaries of the century, unless they were hunting men, spent much time out of Dublin. This explains the somewhat overstrained rejoicings with which the poor people of Swinford, in Mayo, received Mr. Gerald Balfour the other day.

What is he going to do after he has seen the country for himself? He will have seen in these Western districts a peaceable, law-abiding, virtuous folk, living in chronic poverty which even their rude poetic intelligence cannot cheer. He will have noticed that they are helplessly without the power of co-operating with one another, that they are suspicious and secretive, that the resident gentry are indescribably few, and that but for the Church there would not be the rudiments of a social organisation. Mere statistics would tell him that the people are not thriftless, for the sums deposited in the Post-Office Savings Banks of the West are surprisingly large. He will have seen for himself the evidences of their untutored industry on their mountain plots, and will have heard of the way they seek the hardest work in England and America as migratory labourers. Perhaps he will also have noticed that they have their faults, and that among other things they have learnt only too well how to beg. We cannot help thinking that he will feel that there is much in what Mr. William O'Brien says and suggests. Public works may relieve poverty for one winter, and may even in some cases do permanent good in developing a district. But the only permanent cure will be on lines which will allow and foster the development of a spirit of self-help. The people must be more evenly distributed over the land before they are able to do much for themselves. What can a man do with five acres of cut-away bog on the edge of the Atlantic? The Government, or the Congested Districts Board, or some one, must do what improving landlords would do under similar circumstances in England. Mr. Balfour, if he is wise, will avail himself of the co-operation, which in this matter is offered to him, of the more reasonable Nationalists, as well as of Tories like Mr. Horace Plunkett, who has done so much to draw together Irish parties and classes.

But a word of warning is necessary. The congested districts are, after all, a very small part of Ireland. In their way the people of Connaught have, perhaps, been able to bear the economic changes of the last fifteen years better than the people of the other provinces. They had not been accustomed to sell very much off their holdings, and consequently the fall in prices did not much affect them, while in so far as they were also labourers it did them good. Mr. Balfour must not, in attending to the chronic poverty of the West, forget the terrible strain through which the farmers of the rest of Ireland are passing, and the need of a sweeping reduction of rent until, at least, it is brought down to the English level. Nor must he forget that for the well-to-do farmers of Ulster and Leinster to be deprived of all share in their county government is an even greater barrier against the union of classes than the poverty of Connaught. It was better to begin in the West than to begin in Dublin, which is the very last place to learn anything about Ireland. But there is a vast deal of Ireland between Dublin and the West to which he has to give his attention. Do what he will, and Connaught will remain the poorest part of the United Kingdom, as Brittany is the poorest part of France, though one could wish the Connaught man as well off as the Breton or the Gallego. But the East of Ireland, which always must be the main strength of the country, wherein bad government rather than the poverty of the soil is the cause of trouble, is a more important though perhaps less interesting field for the statesman.

THE WAGES OF LABOUR.

THE Labour Department of the Board of Trade, which has already established many claims upon the gratitude of the public, has just issued, with the signature of Sir Robert Giffen, another valuable Blue-Book, upon the Wages of the Manual Labour Classes in Great Britain and Ireland. The report deals not only with railways, with the building trades, with the mercantile marine, and with certain other employments, which are specially and separately treated, but also with a number of miscellaneous trades, comprising an immense mass of labour, representative of, perhaps, three-fourths of the manual labour classes of the Kingdom. Most of the information given is based upon schedules filled up by employers, specifying the number of their employees, the wages paid to them at a given date, and many other useful particulars; and though the figures relate chiefly to the year 1886, they have been, in several cases, confirmed by more recent statistics, and we may accept Sir Robert Giffen's assurance that the average rate of wages has within the last nine years risen rather than declined. From these figures one general conclusion of great interest is deduced—namely, that the average rate of wages per head in this country is 24s. 7d. per week. In the case of men, over 18 per cent. earn wages of 30s. a week and more, over 57 per cent. vary from 20s. to 30s., and only 24 per cent. fall below £1. In the case of lads and boys and of women and girls, on the other hand, the great bulk of labour is paid less than £1 a week. The average wages of women are about half those of men; the average wages of girls are about half those of women. But these latter averages are subject to the large qualification that domestic service—the principal occupation of women—is not included in the tables from which they are compiled. Of course, in judging of these figures exceptions must be allowed for, and possibilities of error no doubt exist. But we are dealing with the work of experts, who are well accustomed to check, and who are very cautious in announcing, any conclusions that they form, and we may therefore take these generalisations as being in all probability substantially correct.

It is, however, from the railways rather than from the miscellaneous trades that the most instructive returns have come. The railways employ so many varieties of labour, skilled and unskilled, and their employees are so widely distributed in various localities throughout the country, that they offer a better sample for purposes of study than almost any other trade. Sir Robert Giffen has used in his report the returns of 32 companies only. But these companies represent 90 per cent. of the railway capital of the United Kingdom, and employ over 90 per cent. of the total number of railway servants. It would seem that the average rate of wages in the railway service is rather below the average elsewhere. The particulars for 1886 show that 40 per cent. of the men in England received in that year £1 a week or less, 50 per cent. in Scotland, and 78 per cent. in Ireland; while the percentage of those who earned over £2 a week was in each country very small—only 4 per cent. in the case of England, and only 1 per cent. in the case of Scotland. Among railway servants, the wages of engine-drivers are the best, often rising above £2 a week; but, despite the races to the North, the Scottish drivers are worse paid than their colleagues in England and in Ireland. Guards, on the other hand, even at the highest, never seem to earn an income of more than 30s. a week; but statistical tables cannot be expected to allow for the perquisites which form so large an item in a guard's receipts. Signalmen, on whom almost more than upon any others the safety of the service rests, come out with very low wages in these tables, very rarely rising over 25s. a week, and in Ireland falling mostly much below this. Firemen, too, especially in Ireland, where unskilled labour is so cheap, are poorly-paid throughout, and other unskilled railway servants—such as the men engaged in repairing the permanent way—command a miserable rate of wages, which falls as low as 10s. a week. But, as a compensation, it is satisfactory to notice that very few casual labourers are employed, and that 95 per cent. of the hands engaged on railways are pretty constantly at work.

Sir Robert Giffen's report is full of details of this elaborate and rather fascinating kind. Indeed, it is in its exceptions rather than in its averages that the value and interest of the volume lie. To know, for instance, that the average wage of certain classes of postal officials in the great cities of London, Edinburgh and Dublin is 29s. a week is a matter of comparatively little importance, but to know that nearly half the rural postmen in Ireland receive only from 10s. to 12s. a week helps one at once to realise something of Irish social and economic conditions. Again, a generalisation which tells us that the average wage of women, apart from domestic service, comes out in calculation as about half the average wage of men, is interesting and certainly instructive; but the details which show that in the great majority of trades only one in 1,000 women earn from 25s. to 30s. a week, and that none earn more, tell us more in a moment of the extremely unequal conditions under which women work. What we want to know in these days is not so much what averages of national prosperity we can secure, but what are the weak spots in our system, what are the proportions, and what the occupations that subsist on 10s. a week or less, what are the wages of sweating, what are the possibilities, by combination or by other means, of righting what is wrong. Even a telling generalisation like that which sets down the average wage in Great Britain at 24s. 7d. a week, "equal to £64 per annum if the weekly rate were multiplied by fifty-two," though, no doubt, in a sense satisfactory to all who dread mob-rule or revolution, is very little upon which to build, especially when one considers the many questions, as to regularity of employment and the like, which have to be settled before one can venture to multiply that weekly wage by 52 at all. The enthusiasm for averages may be only a method of avoiding the discussion of unpleasant extremes, and it is after all the extremes which we have to ascertain, to analyse, and to remedy in the future. It is because it throws so clear a light on the dark places of our wages system, because it abounds not only in averages and generalisations but in all manner of luminous details, that Sir Robert Giffen's report is of such value. It is on these grounds that we recommend it for careful study to all who believe that the wages question lies at the root of social reform.

THE MADAGASCAR MUDDLE.

THE Cabinet Council that was held in Paris on Tuesday resulted in no open rupture or other disaster affecting the stability of the French Ministry. There is reason to suppose that recriminations were suspended until after the explosion which may be expected to take place when the Chamber meets on October 20. Before that date, as Ministers doubtless hope, the flying column, which has just gained two encouraging successes, will have reached

the capital, and the memory of the disgraceful mismanagement which is now notorious will be effaced by the glory of victory. The sudden change in French feeling has partly verified their hope. Still, the Hovas may conceivably at last offer serious and effective resistance. It is less improbable that they may retire southwards from Antananarivo, and wage a guerilla warfare which will more than ever try the French troops. It is least improbable of all that they will make the environs of the capital a desert, and so starve out the invading force—which is not likely, after what we have learnt this week, to be able to provide itself with food through its own commissariat. But, as M. Le Myre de Vilers has pointed out to an interviewer, the Hovas are partly Europeanised, and they are utterly disorganised. The climate and the rains, and their own mismanagement, are still likely to prove the most formidable foes of the invaders.

In truth, the accounts of the conduct of the expedition hitherto—verified as they have been during the last ten days by the arrival of three shiploads of invalids, fever-stricken, anæmic, and often mentally deranged by their illness—reveal to us sufferings which, fortunately, are hardly imaginable, and mismanagement which surpasses that of the worst times in the Crimean War. Indeed, during that war our incompetent officials had the excuse of total inexperience; but the French Government has at its command experts in tropical warfare, all the resources of modern science, and a highly trained staff. Yet a route was chosen which led from one river valley to another, over mountain passes and through dangerous defiles, in order that water transit might be secured along its most unhealthy section. The river proved not to be navigable—at least, for the boats sent out. The country is mountainous and pathless, so a road had to be made, and pontoon waggons nearly as heavy as their own maximum loads were sent out to traverse it. The waggons proved suitable only for level ground, and in one instance took fifteen hours to go five miles. The supply of provisions stopped short fifty miles from Majunga. Little water was available, and what there was was poisoned. The troops were for the most part young and unseasoned. Some military pedant, presumably General Duchesne, compelled them to carry knapsacks weighing about 55 lbs., and to drill in them. The arrangements for sanitation were doubtless admirable—on paper; but one does not need to know much of French soldiers to be tolerably sure that they were not carried out. The national instinct is not as yet developed in that direction. The medical comforts and stores sent out by private charity have never reached the troops at all. Finally, the sick, exhausted by fever, anæmic, and in many cases out of their minds, have been sent home through the Red Sea at the hottest season, in one case in a hired transport designed for cargo, and under conditions which it is best not to attempt to describe. Needless to say, many have died on the passage; yet it is doubtful if they would have fared much better at the mountain sanatoria already existing for the troops stationed at Diego Suarez, or at Réunion. And the future, as we have said, is not much more promising. The rainy season begins in November. Every wetting, according to M. le Myre de Vilers, means an attack of fever; and the rains are like nothing but the Deluge. What will be the condition of the French occupying army then, especially if provisions fall short?

The object of the expedition does not merit our sympathy, but we cannot but pity the unhappy victims of official mismanagement. That mismanagement throws considerable light on the French genius for organisation. We hesitate to believe what the Socialist papers have said—that the route *viâ* Majunga was deliberately chosen because, being long and difficult, it meant plenty of contracts and of pickings for officials and their friends. But the same sort of mismanagement was seen in the early days of the Franco-German War, and had a close parallel in the Tunis Expedition. The march on Kairwan was happily in a better climate, but it exhibited the same failure of supplies and the same disregard of sanitation that we hear of in Madagascar now. We in England make these mistakes in organisation, but then we blunder back somehow into conformity with the actual conditions. But our French neighbours make admirable schemes on paper, and seem unable to fit them to the facts. What will be the fate of a French army in that great European war that we all hope to see averted, if it does not manage matters better than the staff at Majunga—or even better, let us say, than the providing of Bourbaki's army was managed in 1871?

FINANCE.

ALL through the week the stock markets have been occupied with the fortnightly Settlement. The Settlement a fortnight ago was a very difficult one. Speculation had run rampant for months, and it was found that very many financially weak people had bought much more than there was any chance of their paying for. The wealthier members of the Stock Exchange, therefore, became apprehensive; accommodation to the poorer was restricted, and in many cases was refused altogether. Therefore the latter were compelled to sell, and their sales continued all through the fortnight. Up to Monday evening, in consequence, there was some fear that the Settlement this week might prove even more troublesome. It was found, however, on Tuesday morning that the account open had been greatly lightened. Confidence revived, and buying set in on a very large scale. The greater buying was undoubtedly for Paris. There was also active dealing for Germany, Austria, and Holland, and, of course, home operators co-operated. The result is a very marked rise even in very many mining shares, more especially in those that are held in favour in Paris, Rand mines and East Rands leading the way. We can only repeat, for all that, what we have said so often—that speculation has gone too far. Many securities are well worth even present quotations; but the man who intends to buy ought to make careful inquiries before he risks his money. There has also been a good deal of activity in the South American department—especially Argentine; and there has been a decided rise in home railway stocks. Now that the holidays are over, and the great financial people are returning to Paris, the Bourse is waking up; speculation there is extending in every direction; and there will probably be a further rise in gold shares, diamond shares, and international securities. But Parisian operators are proverbially apt to change their minds. They all usually act together. Either they buy on an immense scale or they sell on an immense scale, and for the moment it is impossible to resist their onset. The public, therefore, should be on its guard. The Madagascar expedition is proving much more costly than was anticipated, both in life and in treasure. There will have to be, therefore, fresh credits. It is possible that Rentes may fall materially in consequence, and that may have a disturbing influence. For the moment, however, everyone is optimist at home and abroad. Trade is improving, peace seems to be assured, and hopes are entertained that we are entering upon a long period of prosperity.

The silver market is fairly steady. There appears to be no truth in the rumour so industriously circulated last week that Russia and France were arranging for a new Russo-Chinese loan.

Such a loan by-and-by is not at all improbable, but for the present we believe Russia has decided not to raise any more money in France. Possibly there are several questions to be settled both with Japan and with China before Russia pledges her credit further; and in any case it is to be supposed that the Russian Government will consider very carefully before it goes on guaranteeing the financial good faith of such a Government as the Chinese. For some time to come, then, it is not likely that there will be much demand for silver for the Far East. But the speculators are hopeful that a demand must spring up sooner or later, and, as they are wealthy, and can easily borrow money enough to hold the silver they have purchased, they are not willing just now to sell. Trade in India is improving somewhat, especially the jute exports, and Japan is still remitting a portion of the indemnity money handed over by China. Consequently the demand for India Council drafts continues good, and the Council was able to sell the whole fifty lakhs offered on Wednesday at 1s. 1½d. per rupee. In London, bankers are complaining that, as the weeks pass, unemployed money grows larger and larger, and the difficulty of disposing of it becomes greater. During the week ended Wednesday night, very nearly a million sterling in gold was sent into the Bank of England; and, indeed, the accumulation of gold in the Bank's vaults is now becoming troublesome. The Bank authorities are extending their accommodation, and it is a remarkable sight to look at the piles that are everywhere on view. Much more of the metal is on the way, and in all reasonable probability the accumulation will go on for months to come. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the Bank will hold nearly fifty millions sterling by Christmas or a little later.

THE HOUSE AND LAND MARKET.

FOR about a month past there has been unusually little doing in the house and land market. This has been, of course, largely owing to the interruption of business by the holidays; but a circumstance in connection with those sales which have taken place is worthy of attention. That circumstance is that during the last few weeks, as well as throughout the season, while it has been most difficult to find purchasers for West End mansions, and almost impossible to sell large landed estates, there seems to be hardly any limit to the demand for small residential suburban properties, even when leasehold. Where a fee-simple is offered in this class of property, the bidding nearly always becomes very keen, and the house, with the adjoining garden, is often knocked down at a price which, from the investor's point of view, leaves a rate of interest to be received which barely exceeds two per cent. This proves very clearly that the prolonged depression in our foreign trade, from which the country is now happily recovering, affected the wealthy far more than the poor, especially in so far as the towns are concerned. In other words, while the great bankers and financiers have had, in many cases, to give up their great town houses or to sell their estates in the country, the lower middle and upper working classes have been buying, upon a wholly unprecedented scale, the houses in which their families live. No healthier sign of the economically sound condition of the country could well be wished for, reversing the old saying about the rich growing richer while the poor starve; and it is by no means improbable that this fact largely accounts for the ease with which the present Government obtained votes—a marked aversion to "reforms" of any kind very often accompanying worldly prosperity.

Signs are not wanting, however, of a slowly growing demand for West End houses, but we understand from the leading house agents interested in this class of property that inquiries come exclusively from South African and some American millionaires. Not very long ago, Mr. Robinson, of South African fame, purchased a house near Park Lane, and his example still more recently has been followed by Mr. "Barney" Barnato, who has also bought a house in the same locality, which we understand is being fitted up in the very best style that money can procure. Until this veritable palace is ready the great African millionaire is contenting himself with a humble abode in St. James's Place. Only last week Mr. Neumann, who has come to be one of the best known figures in Throgmorton Street, purchased a mansion in Piccadilly, presumably out of the three-quarters of a million sterling which he is credited as having made out of Rand Mines alone, exclusive of any other operations in which he may be engaged. Although even in the South African market there are very few Robinsons or Barnatos, or even Neumanns (the latter gentleman will, we are sure, be the first to admit that he is still a poor man), nevertheless so many people have made, if not large fortunes as fortunes go in these times, at least very large sums of money, so that a demand for West End property during the coming winter sales may confidently be looked for.

Turning to country estates, one of the finest estates in the world for a man of fortune will be offered for sale in the autumn by Messrs. Lumley. The estate is the well known "Kilmuir," in the island of Skye. It was owned up to the time of his death by Mr. George Alexander Baird, well known in racing circles as "Mr. Abington," who died in New Orleans about two years ago. The estate covers over 46,000 acres, and comprises the whole of the northern portion of Skye. It is consequently one of the largest estates owned by any individual in the British Islands.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—Mr. William Shaw, whose death is announced this morning, had almost passed out of public sight; yet at one time he played a very important part in public affairs in this country. He was the immediate predecessor of Mr. Parnell in the leadership of the Irish party in Parliament. A strong Home Ruler, he was at the same time a good Liberal and a man who desired to act by Constitutional methods only. His mild leadership was not what suited Mr. Parnell and the more active spirits of the party, and so he was put aside in order that the "new policy" which Mr. Parnell had inaugurated might have a fair chance. Soon after his dispossession personal misfortunes overtook him, and from having been a very rich man he became a very poor one. It was sad to meet him, as I often did in recent years, walking in the Strand or Fleet Street, a bent and broken man who had passed clean out of that busy public life in which he once played so prominent a part.

The announcement of his death recalls to my mind the scene at the Reform Club on that fateful Saturday evening in May, 1882, when the news of the Phœnix Park tragedy reached London. It was very late at night. I was sitting in the morning-room of the Club talking to the late Mr. Summers, M.P. In another part of the room was Mr. Shaw, talking to another well-known Irish M.P.; and asleep at one of the tables was yet another Member from the sister-country, whose membership of the Reform Club very soon afterwards came to a close. It had been a hot day; there had been a great fête, at which many M.P.'s had attended, to celebrate the acquisition of Epping Forest by the Corporation of London; an evening party was going on at the Admiralty; so it happened that there were few persons in the Club, and those who were there were all more or less drowsy after the fatigues of the day. Suddenly the hall-porter entered in a state of unwonted excitement, and announced to us the news

that the Lord-Lieutenant and the Irish Secretary, of whose reception in Dublin we had just been reading on the telegraph board, had both been murdered that evening.

The horror and incredulity with which the announcement—happily incorrect so far as concerned Lord Spencer—was received were indescribable. But I can never forget the emotion shown by Mr. Shaw, when by-and-by we had the full truth made known to us. "My poor country! It is all over with her!" were almost his first words when he had recovered from the shock of the announcement, and he bowed his head in his hands and gave way to an irrepressible emotion. It was, indeed, a night when men of all parties gave way to their feelings in a fashion altogether unusual in this age of cynical self-repression. The horror of the news from Dublin sat upon us all. Long after midnight white-faced men hastened into the club to ask if the ghastly rumour was true and to glean such particulars as they could of the tragedy. Outside, on the pavement in front of the club, hundreds of men in evening dress, members of the Carlton and other clubs who had come to the Reform for news, stood in groups talking eagerly yet in whispers, whilst in the roadway scores of cabs were assembled, their drivers wondering what this unexampled display might mean.

And then, as the summer dawn was approaching, there was a sudden hush among the crowd which occupied the pavement. Men fell apart and formed a lane, through which we saw passing with bowed head, the brother of one of the victims of the Invincibles. Lord Hartington had just left the newly-made widow. It was one of those rare moments when the realities of the great and tragic drama that men call public life were made visible to us; a moment of keen emotion in which each man felt that he was one with his fellows. And over all that passion of horror and indignation that possessed us, there rose that cry from the lips of the Irish leader: "My poor country! It is all over with her!" I confess I never met Mr. Shaw in recent years without having the scene of that terrible night brought back to me afresh.

Sunday.—Distinctly the most important news in to-day's newspapers is that from Madagascar. It is important, not merely because of the serious plight in which it proves the French forces to be, but because of the light it throws upon the condition of the military administration. It might have been thought that after Tonquin the French War Office would have known something of the special dangers to be guarded against in this expedition. But once more a serious military work has been attempted with Gallic light-heartedness, and the result is a deplorable amount of suffering on the part of the troops and the needless prolongation of the campaign. After this even the lavish compliments of General Dragomiroff will hardly give Frenchmen the confidence in their military condition that they need. I see, by the way, that the statement I made last week as to the obvious perturbation and irritability of the German Emperor during the recent manœuvres is confirmed in more than one quarter. Its probable cause was the refusal of the Czar to agree at present to a meeting with his neighbour of Berlin.

Monday.—Miss Braddon's letter to the papers on the subject of her new story, and the treatment it has received at the hands of Messrs. Mudie, calls attention to the fact that the three-volume novel is now in a fair way to disappearing. It was the three-volume novel which made the fortunes of the librarians, Mudies included. No doubt it was a very ridiculous form of publication; but it served its purpose—chiefly because the English are not a book-buying people. They like to read; but they do not care to spend money in gratifying their taste. So they paid their penny or twopence a volume for the right of perusing their fiction in the most expensive form. Now that the three-volume story is disappearing it would be interesting to know who (except the librarian) has profited by its disappearance. The ingenuous Sir Walter Besant, if I remember aright, thought that the abolition of the three volumes was to mean wealth for the writer of fiction. As a matter of fact, it has meant just the reverse. Half a dozen novelists make as big incomes as they ever did. But the rank and file of the profession, including the men and women of real genius who have not yet "arrived," make far less. Nor does the publisher gain anything by the change. If only the public would buy books more readily, things would be different. But as they refuse to do this, it does not appear that much good has been done to literature or the book trade by the revolution in the mode of publishing fiction.

The Sunday Edition of the *New York Herald* has become a source of great joy to a certain limited circle in London. It is now adorned by a weekly article from the pen of Mr. G. W. Smalley; and in this article—which ought to be entitled "Backshots at Old Friends"—Mr. Smalley seems chiefly bent upon paying off the grievances he accumulated during his stay in England. Everybody who slighted the illustrious American reporter during his stay in this country, and everybody whom, for good or bad reasons, he happened to dislike, are now being remembered, and the result is a series of articles which are being read with delight by those who understand Mr. Smalley, and who have a sufficient sense of the humorous to be able to see that these malicious prosings are, after all, only Chapters in the Autobiography of a Disappointed Man. His latest performance is an article upon Mr. Bryce, whose book upon the American Constitution Americans have had the bad taste to admire without waiting for Mr. Smalley's leave to do so. The consequence is that he is now denounced by the latter as being, after all, only "a superior kind of reporter." One would like to know what kind of reporter Mr. Smalley himself is—hardly a "superior" one, I imagine.

Tuesday.—The *Times* of this morning contains the first of a series of articles on that new question in the Far East which has occupied so much of the attention of statesmen during the last two years, and which has so vital an interest for the people of Great Britain. The writer of the article strives to do justice to the policy of Lord Rosebery, and is emphatic in acknowledging the service he rendered to his country when he secured the goodwill of Japan. But it is rather hard that the late Ministry should be accused of having neglected its duties at the beginning of the war, and of having remained inactive when it ought to have been looking after English interests in the East. Has everybody forgotten already the famous "panic Cabinet" of two years ago—that sudden summons of Ministers in the last week of September, 1893, which set the Funds jumping up and down and gave rise to a current belief that we were on the eve of a war with France over Madagascar or some equally worthless object? It was known at the time to the well-informed that the real business of the Cabinet was to consider the critical state of things in the East, and the steps which were made necessary in consequence. As the result of that Cabinet, a great fleet representing the English flag was forthwith despatched to Chinese waters, and the Japanese Government was warned that there were limits within which the attack upon China would have to be confined. It was not the fault of Lord Rosebery or Mr. Gladstone—for the latter was then Prime Minister—that the European Powers did not join us at that time in attempting to prevent the collapse which we are now witnessing in the Chinese Empire. A most serious collapse it is, and we shall be lucky indeed if we succeed in safeguarding our enormous interests in the Far East without finding ourselves involved in what the diplomatists are wont to style "a European complication."

Wednesday.—The letter from the Rector of

Bishopsgate on the subject of religious teaching in schools is delightful. Prebendary Rogers is just as brimful of humour, good sense, and sound feeling, as he ever was; and in these days of increasing superstition on one side and a growing laxity of faith on the other, it is refreshing to hear his voice in the manly tones of thirty years ago. Everything shows that we shall be in for a big fight on the Education Question and the settlement arrived at in 1870 and 1873. It will be a fight in which the representatives of Liberal thought and feeling will lie under a considerable disadvantage, for the forces arrayed against them are growing in arrogance, if not in actual strength, and some notable allies have turned traitor to the cause to which they were once devoted. I see that the *Birmingham Argus* has most opportunely reprinted some of Mr. Chamberlain's utterances on the question on which the two parties will shortly have to give battle. "To my mind," said the present Secretary for the Colonies on October 1st, 1885, "the spectacle of so-called national schools turned into a private preserve by clerical managers, and used for exclusive purposes of politics or religion, is one which the law ought not to tolerate." But the law is not only going to tolerate this spectacle, but means to extend it universally if the Government of which Mr. Chamberlain is now a member have their way. The *Birmingham Argus* appeals to Mr. George Dixon, who has not yet recanted all his old principles, to take the field again on behalf of the cause in which he and Mr. Chamberlain were once both so ardent. In the meantime, it is pleasant to see veterans who won their spurs even before the days of the Birmingham League coming to the front as Mr. Rogers has done, and making it clear that they stand fast by their old principles.

Thursday.—Mr. Chamberlain a candidate for the Carlton Club! This, according to the *Daily News*, is the latest step in the political Rake's Progress. It will be interesting to see the reception he meets with in that crowded caravansery. But there is no fear as to his election. It will not be left to the tender mercies of the mob of Tory gentlemen. If that were the case, he would most certainly be left on the wrong side of the ballot box. The committee will see, however, that the interests of the party come before the interests of the club as a club. And, indeed, seeing that Mr. Chamberlain is a Tory Minister, there can be no good reason why he should not be a member of that which is emphatically the Tory club. Still, to a mere outsider, the news, if true, is droll. One recalls Mr. Gladstone's retirement from this same Carlton and all that has happened since. One's sense of humour is touched by the thought that it should be Mr. Chamberlain, of all men in the world, who is now seeking to take the place Mr. Gladstone vacated forty years ago. Will membership of the Carlton be compatible with continued membership of the Devonshire Club? That is a question which the Committee of the Devonshire will have to decide for themselves. At present Mr. Chamberlain uses that club and the Athenæum. He ceased some years ago to be a member of the Reform Club, and before doing so vaguely intimated that "the good people of Birmingham" were so much enraged at his treatment in the historic home of Liberalism that they talked of "marching upon London" in order, apparently, to compel the Reform Club to make public amends to the Chamberlain family for the wrong it had done them. To do justice to Mr. Chamberlain, he has not often made himself the general laughing-stock, as he did when he wrote that unlucky letter to the late Mr. Peter Rylands.

The Brooks scandal grows in flagrancy, and it will be difficult, if the story told in *Truth* is to be credited, to avoid a Parliamentary discussion on Mr. Balfour's shameful neglect of duty. Certainly it is time to inquire upon what principles he distributes the bounty of the Queen. *Truth*, by the way, has its usual political jeremiad this week. On this occasion Mr. Labouchere's topic—a favourite one with him—is "the clearing out of the old gang." But what is still more amusing is the fact that Mr. Labouchere finds a trenchant critic in the person of Mr. Wallace, the member for Edinburgh, who discusses his article in the *Star* of last night, and who — sad to say — seems to intimate, from the point of view of militant Radicalism, that the member for Northampton is himself one of that "old gang" whom ardent reformers would wish to see relegated to the back benches.

Friday.—The attempts on the part of the Tory press to make political capital out of the Irish meeting at Chicago have fallen very flat. The truth is that even the most besotted opponents of Home Rule have learned to entertain a wholesome dread of performances like those of the man Finerty. Nobody knows, when an Irish "patriot" of this stamp waxes peculiarly venomous and violent, whether he is not after all in the pay of the English enemies of Ireland. Remembering Pigott and Le Caron, it is not easy to put faith in these newspaper atrocities. All I know is that I have not met an Irish Home Ruler who does not repudiate the Chicago Convention with contempt. The notion that it represents the real sentiment of Irishmen on either side of the Atlantic is too ridiculous to be seriously entertained by anybody but the men who accepted Pigott's revelations as Gospel truth.

THE ANTI-ANTI-GAMBLING LEAGUE.

IN his address to the Sporting League at Darlington the other day Lord Londonderry attempted an ingenious piece of "hedging." It was incumbent on him, on the one hand, to please his sporting audience by a pronouncement against any attempt to deal with betting by law, and it was desirable for him, on the other, to save his own reputation for good sense by an acknowledgment of the abuses which attach to betting. So he divided the betting world into two classes—those "who could afford to bet," and those "who could not afford to bet, but did bet." The next step was to denounce the second class, and to protest against any interference with the first. The third and final step was to demonstrate that you could not prevent the second without interfering with the first—which brought him to the grand conclusion that, in the interests of the men "who could afford to bet," there must be no legislation against the men who could not; and that anyone who said there ought to be was a "faddist." This, we need hardly say, was hailed with immense enthusiasm by the Darlington sportsmen, who presumably can all afford to bet. For ourselves we do not wish to disturb Lord Londonderry's satisfaction with this simple and charming feat of logic, or with its quite Manichean division of mankind into those who can and who "cannot afford." It is hardly to be expected of a rich nobleman that he should appreciate the enormous difficulty which the ordinary man finds in determining to which of those classes he belongs, and what conduct is consistent with remaining within it. We prefer instead to assure Lord Londonderry that if he and the Sporting League will not only denounce, but devote themselves to deterring, those "who bet, but cannot afford it," the quarrel between them and the Anti-Gamblers will speedily be healed. The other class will wait, and we need not embroil ourselves meanwhile by arguing about their abstract right to do what they will with their own. It will be amply sufficient for all present purposes to tackle the colossal task of dealing with Lord Londonderry's other and more offending class.

Unfortunately, this was not Lord Londonderry's point at Darlington. It was, on the contrary, merely a step towards the desired and much-applauded conclusion that the law is not to interfere with betting. In the interests of Lord Londonderry and others who can afford to bet and are "in a position to pay," there is to be no legal interference with the vast number who cannot afford to bet and are not in a position to pay; and if anyone thinks differently, he is to be knocked on the head (we speak metaphorically) by the Sporting League. That is the gist of the whole matter, and, in spite of all hedging, this attitude must inevitably turn the Sporting League into a Betting Defence League, if only for the reason that no sport whatever is attacked by anyone except in this one particular. Now, we can assure Lord Londonderry there is no one, "faddist" or otherwise, who supposes that betting is going to be put down by Act of Parliament. But it is a very different thing to hold that the Legislature can and ought to check the more flagrant incentives to betting as well as the numerous dishonesties which attend it as now practised. If a man chooses to back an honest opinion for what it is worth and what he can afford, and if he does it from a motive which may be called sporting and not sordid, we may think him wise or foolish, but we shall not attempt to hinder him by force of law. So far we are in agreement with Lord Londonderry. But it is the merest cant to talk as if this was the form of betting which commends itself to the numerous tribe of bookmakers and their clients or dupes. There we are on different ground, and on ground where the law can have its say. In this case the object is mercenary—to get money by some easier means than earning it, and at the expense of some person less clever than yourself, which each side fondly hopes to be the other. It is the favourite maxim of the professional bookmaker that "no bet is good until it is hedged"—that is to say, until he has laid both for and against the same result—"his honest opinion," as he likes to call it. No stretch of courtesy can enable us to extend the term sporting to such an operation. It is a cool calculation, sometimes clever, sometimes the reverse, but in either case directed to the sole and simple object of making money. When it is added that the trade is complicated by a regular secret service of "tips" and "hints" and private information for the further elimination of the sporting element, and when we observe that in consequence the Turf is surrounded, as is no other sport, with an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust, it is the worst of follies and the silliest of cant to protect betting in the name of sport.

The pretence that those who wish to check betting are enemies to sport becomes grotesque when we pass from the bookmakers to their clients. Here we have hosts of men and women who have never been on a race-course, and possibly never even seen a race-horse, staking money on events of which they are in a position to know absolutely nothing. With most of these, again, it is pure avarice, of which no concealment is made. They do it in the hope of making a bit, undeterred by numerous disastrous experiences in losing a bit. They also have their intelligence departments—the gossip of stable-boys which circulates through mysterious channels, or is retailed to them by the local tipster of some "sporting" organ. Their reliance on these fables, which are often indeed cleverly-baited traps, is miraculous and pathetic. For imperviousness to argument there is nothing in the world to touch a man who is persuaded that this time he has a "certainty." His conviction is almost always in inverse ratio to his knowledge of racing and his interest in it as a sport; it increases as his resources diminish, and he becomes cornered to the desperate hope that "luck will change." We will not cite the familiar arguments from the police courts and the bankruptcy courts; they are plain to the whole world. But let anyone who doubts observe the crowd which gathers outside the office of a newspaper in London or a big provincial town to wait for "the winner" on a big race day. To a student of faces it is one of the most tragic sights in England, and if anyone can see "sport" there, we can only say "Heaven pity him!"

The plain truth is, the evil is so growing and so glaring that the keenest Sporting Leaguer is bound in mere self-respect to acknowledge it and denounce it. But what is the attitude of the Sporting League, if we judge it by what it does and not by what it says? Its settled policy, apparently, is to make a dead set at any public man who is reasonably suspected of a desire to mitigate the evils of betting. It was very active at the recent election, and its activity consisted mainly in sending speakers and canvassers to work against members of the last Parliament who were supposed to take the slightest interest in this matter. Against one of these there was apparently nothing more alleged than that an interview on the subject of gambling had appeared in a paper of which he was proprietor. The agitation was backed by the sporting papers, which declared that to profess an interest in sport while attacking the gambling craze was the worst mark of a hypocritical faddist. In some cases the operations of the League had undoubted effect, and, apart from any immediate effect, they threaten a rather serious danger. This is, that public men, to avoid the annoyance of such an attack, may keep silence on the subject altogether, and anything like healthy discussion on the subject be thereby burked. To some otherwise courageous men the imputation of being a prude or a faddist is of all things most offensive. For our own part, we hope there is enough fight among those who are alive to the evils of the gambling mania to break the silence and brave the consequences. It is all nonsense to say that Parliament can do nothing. There are a dozen things it can do to check the flaming advertisement which is now given to all manner of incitements to betting, and in other ways to keep facilities for betting on commission within reasonable limits. We may not hope much from the present Parliament, but in better days these things will be done, in spite of the Sporting League.

FUTILITARIANISM.

A WRITER in the *Chronicle*—a woman journalist who wishes to turn the thoughts of her sisters from the blandishments of the suffrage to the practical needs of women—calls for a campaign of "moral pressure." Why should women want votes, spout on platforms, yearn to enter Parliament, where (says their censor) they would devote themselves chiefly to rival displays of millinery? Why should they struggle to make laws which, on the whole, are very well made by men, when they might do real good by the exercise of unselfishness, by relieving the strain on the labour market, by numberless exercises of feminine usefulness? There is the servant problem, now unbearable, because the "tyranny of women" makes service "detestable" to the average domestic. There is the economic question, equally acute, because middle-class women persist in buying the cheapest clothes. There is the needless dreariness of many lives, especially the lives of young teachers, who might be made happy if well-to-do women, instead of seeking to turn their attainments to a market value, would befriend their lonely and struggling sisters, and do all in their power to sweeten the toil for daily bread. Here is a field for the energy which is now lavished on a sterile agitation. There can be no law to compel women to leave politics alone, to leave the morals of men alone, and apply their minds to practical uses; but, at all events, let us have the campaign of "moral pressure."

The case we have set out will attract the sympathy of many lovers of forlorn hopes. The philanthropists who wish to establish universal peace, the

Society for the Conversion of the Jews, ought to regard this new agitation with the friendly interest of experts. To lure women away from the excitement of public life; to persuade them that it is wrong for women who are well off to enter into any form of business competition with women who are poor; and that it is their duty to discourage sweating by paying more for their clothes: this is indeed an enterprise. Unhappily, the reformer who has conceived this great idea has no very clear perception of the forces in human nature, or of the relative value of facts. Woman, like mere man, has an eye to a definite goal. The suffrage is a tangible thing; the attainment of unselfishness is not. You can define the one within the absolute limits of technical accuracy; no mortal can put the other into any practical formula. Even our reformer is inconsistent. She objects to journalism as an occupation for women who need not work for their living; but she would not mind if they were to confine their labours to books and magazines. She ought to mind. Why this compromise? Surely there are women, writing books and in magazines under the pressure of necessity, who feel the competition of women with ample means. But it is the profession of journalism which the reformer wants to safeguard for the industrious poor. It is invaded by ladies who write, "in nine cases out of ten, the merest futilities, interviews, fashion descriptions, and the like." It happens that these things are in great demand; there is an enormous public for "futilities." It happens, too, that women of a certain social position are often the best hands in the futile business. They are in touch with the fashions and the nonentities their readers love; so the editor turns to them, and not to the bread-winner, who would spend on necessaries the guineas that the "society" scribblers spend on gloves. Here, then, is a new element of unselfishness. Is the editor of "futilities" to be induced by "moral pressure" to forego the best goods in his market, and use inferior articles, because the latter are manufactured by the toiler and not by the butterfly? This would be a new and surprising turn to the futilitarian philosophy.

Then, how is the moral suasion to work in the shop? It is not strictly true, we imagine, that middle-class women keep down wages by their passion for the cheapest clothes. "They could perfectly well pay a little more," says the reformer, "if they would exercise a moderate amount of self-denial and kindness and consideration." Alas! there are complications which our enthusiast wots not of! Who can be sure that if middle-class women were to pay a little more, the excess would be added to the wages of the shop-girl? And is there no ground for the suspicion that already those middle-class ladies spend far too much? The shop-keeper in Zola's "Au Bonheur des Dames" explains the method of apparent cheapness. There are many things in the window, and at the door, which are to be had for next to nothing. Thus the middle-class fly is tempted in; these simple and economical purchases are made; and then the foolish insect, instead of coming out, buzzes around much more expensive articles; and the result of the day's shopping is a very handsome profit to the shrewd speculator in human nature, but no addition to the wages of his employés. So, no small part of this prodigious undertaking in the way of "moral pressure" will be the conversion of middle-class women to a nice perception of thrift and the repudiation of vanity; yet, in spite of this redemption, they will pay a little more! It is not "a moderate amount" of virtue that is needed by the middle-class woman, but such a panoply of righteousness against the subtle arts of tradesmen, and the desperate seduction of millinery, as will make her an impossible paragon, without improving the lot of the shop-girl in the smallest degree.

Another project, not quite so ambitious, is that ladies in provincial towns shall call on the young high-school teacher who finds herself in a strange place without friends. They shall take her to their homes, make her one of the family circle, and enable her to share the privileges of their own daughters. It is a beautiful vision of social equality which might be indefinitely extended. If the deserving stranger were always taken in like this, we should witness some approach to the brotherhood of man. But the *advocatus diaboli* whispers that provincial circles are not prone to this generosity, that the profession of teaching has certain social difficulties, that mothers with marriageable daughters are not eager to welcome pretty high-school teachers, that the amount of virtue required for the removal of this and other prejudices would be immoderate. There might be ladies willing to patronise the young teacher, to superintend her morals, to be always at hand with excellent advice; but it is conceivable that these attentions would not exactly brighten the girl's life out of school hours. When our reformer suggests that in every town there should be a committee of reception, organised for the purpose of treating the teachers as "ladies and equals," she overlooks certain conventions against which the floods of vague philanthropy will beat in vain. The sisterhood of woman is not to be achieved in this way. Some of us may have a melancholy conviction that it is not to be achieved at all. At all events, the imperfections of human nature are sad obstacles to "moral pressure," and of these imperfections it is no extravagant pessimism to say that women have not a diminishing share.

SCENT IN DOGS.

WATCHING some sportsmen partridge-shooting in low ground at this season, one is struck with the marvellous powers of the pointers and retrievers in securing a successful bag. In fact, without their extraordinary ability to scent the living and the shot bird, there would be little real sport so far as results are concerned. With what painstaking assiduity the pointers "range" among the turnips or potatoes until they come upon a hidden covey! At once, as with soldier drill, they make a halt, a foreleg bent in ecstasy and tremor at the finding of the birds. The sportsman knows where to look for his next shot; a movement on, and up the covey rises, to receive two barrels from the lucky sportsman, leaving perhaps a brace of their number behind, if his eye is true. The keepers then come on with the retrievers to find these birds. Without scent these dogs would be next to useless; yet with marvellous accuracy they track down the wounded.

No doubt there is much in "their nature to," so far as scent is concerned; but training does a good deal, and heredity does more. And about the sense of smell very little is as yet known. How can the various scents be discriminated? Their name is legion, but the nomenclature of smells is meagre. By training, druggists can detect scents very acutely. Oil of cloves can be detected with one part in 88,000 of water by trained men, whereas the average of females can only detect smell in the solution with one part in 50,000 of water. That is about the proportion of sensitiveness between males and females; and one would have expected the opposite. Yet females are more sensitive in detecting a substance by tasting. So acute is the sense of smell in some trained men that one part of prussic acid can be detected in about 2,000,000 parts of water; and it has no very decided smell, only a strange fustiness. Careful chemical tests failed to show the presence of prussic acid in this solution, though the olfactory nerves of experts could.

The faculty of scent is very acute in certain insects. If a virgin female of the moth known as *Saturnia Carpini* is shut up in a box, males of the same species will

trace her out for a mile through the parti-odoured air of a wood. The infinitesimal emanation from the female is powerful enough to direct the male all that distance. All are familiar with the remarkable scent of the condor for carrion in Eastern countries. Insects are attracted to many colourless flowers at considerable distances by the scent alone.

But the scent of dogs seems to eclipse all in its marvellous effects. The late Dr. G. J. Romanes, one of the foremost biologists in this country, and a faithful disciple of Darwin, gave to the scientific world the results of some interesting experiments which he made to ascertain the character of the intensely developed sense of smell in some dogs. He had a remarkable terrier which showed the almost supernatural capabilities of this sense. On a Bank Holiday, when the London parks were swarming with pedestrians, he took his favourite along the densely-crowded walks. When the terrier's attention was taken up with a strange dog, Dr. Romanes suddenly "made tracks" in zigzag directions, and jumped up on a seat to watch his four-footed friend's conduct. Leaving the strange dog, the terrier found that its master had not continued in the direction he was going when it left him for its interview. Accordingly it went to the place where it had last seen its master; and there, picking up the scent, it tracked his footsteps over all the meanderings he had made, until it reached with joy the seat on which he was standing. Now, in order to do this, the dog had to distinguish its master's trail from at least a hundred others quite as fresh, and many thousands of others not so fresh, crossing it at all angles.

Then comes the interesting question, What is the source of the scent? Is the dog guided by some distinctive smell attaching to its master's shoes, by any distinctive smell of its master's feet, or by both these differences combined? To solve this curious problem Dr. Romanes took a most intelligent setter bitch, which he had had for eight years in his shooting excursions. The animal's devotion to him he had often tested most minutely, and its sense of smell was known to be exceptionally acute. He first allowed the bitch to be taken out of the kennel by someone to whom it was quite indifferent. This man led it to an arranged spot, from which the tracking was to commence. The spot was leeward of the kennel, and Dr. Romanes kept to leeward of the starting-place, to counteract any assistance of the wind. The district was quite open parkland, interspersed with trees and shrubs, with a wall behind, where he could hide to watch the experiments. Every precaution was taken to ensure that the bitch had to depend upon the sense of smell alone. He first walked over the grasslands for about a mile in his ordinary shooting-boots. The instant the bitch came to the starting-place, it broke away at full speed, and, faithfully following his track, overtook him in a few minutes. Though repeatedly put on the track of a stranger from the starting-place, the animal would not follow him.

The bitch was next subjected to a very severe test. Dr. Romanes collected eleven men about the place, and directed them to walk close behind one another in Indian file, each man taking care to place his feet in the footprints of his predecessor. In this procession Dr. Romanes took the lead, while his gamekeeper brought up the rear. After walking two hundred yards he turned to the right, followed by five of the men; the remaining five and the gamekeeper turning at an angle to the left, all walking, as before, in single file. The two parties thus formed then walked a considerable distance and concealed themselves. The bitch was then put upon the common track of the whole party. It followed the track with rapidity, and at first overshot the point of divergence where the band split into two parties; but, quickly recovering the track, it without any hesitation chose the footsteps to the right. Yet in this experiment the footprints of Dr. Romanes in the common track were overlaid by eleven others, and in the track to the right by five others. Moreover, though it was the gamekeeper who brought up the rear and went to the left, and as, in the absence of its master's trail, the bitch would naturally follow the keeper's trail, the animal's attention was never diverted from its master's trail.

A stranger then put on Dr. Romanes' usual shooting-boots, and walked over the park to leeward of the kennel. When the bitch was led to this trail, it followed the scent with the eagerness usually seen when tracking its master. Dr. Romanes put on the stranger's boots and walked the park; but on being taken to this trail the bitch would not be coaxed to follow it. The stranger walked the park in bare feet; but the bitch would not follow this trail. Dr. Romanes did the same, and the bitch followed the trail, though not so eagerly as when its master had on his usual shooting-boots. The animal seemed always in doubt about this track, and followed it with apparent hesitation. When he walked the park in new shooting-boots, the bitch refused point blank to take this trail.

Dr. Romanes next glued a layer of stiff brown paper to the soles and sides of his old shooting-boots, and walked over the park with them; the bitch, when led along the trail, paid no attention to it till it came to the place where, owing to the brown paper being worn through at the heel, the boot had touched the ground. Then the bitch immediately recognised its master's trail, and speedily followed it up. Dr. Romanes then tried a new experiment. He walked for fifty yards in his ordinary shooting-boots; then he walked a hundred yards in his stocking-soles, and completed another hundred yards on his bare feet. The bitch followed the first part of the trail at full speed, and continued to follow the track to the end.

Changing the experiments, Dr. Romanes soaked his ordinary shooting-boots in the oil of aniseed, and walked with these over the park. Strange to say, this strong odour did not interfere with the bitch's scent, for it ran him down as quickly as before. Accordingly, this keen observer came to the conclusion that his setter distinguished his trail from that of all others by the peculiar smell of his boots, and not by the particular scent of his feet or body. The exudations from his feet required to be combined with shoe-leather; and brown paper can stop the transmission of that scent. The scent, moreover, is not destroyed by the strong smell of aniseed or by that of many other footprints.

There is an odour, conveyed through the air to dogs from the person, which can be detected even up to distances of two hundred yards; but the experiments in that line are very difficult of verification. All know the wonderful power a pug has in detecting by scent where a bit of biscuit has been hidden in the drawing-room—for that animal's whole life seems concentrated upon the gratification of its stomach—and the all-absorbing passion of a terrier at a ditch where rats abound. It looks all excitement, impossible to be restrained. A rabbit may cross a main road, and a sensitive dog, coming a good while afterwards, will bolt off at once to search for its prize.

How infinitely minute must be the particles that emanate from the object which the dog is tracking! Yet matter is extremely divisible. The tenth part of a grain of musk will continue for years to fill a room with its odoriferous particles, and at the end of that time will not be appreciably diminished in weight by the finest balance. A cubic inch of air rising from the flame of a Bunsen burner has been found to contain no fewer than 489 millions of dust-particles. A drop of blood which might be suspended from the point of a needle contains about a million of red flattened corpuscles. Still, though matter is so marvellously divisible, the olfactory nerves are infinitely more sensitive. Much has yet to be investigated with regard to the differentiation of the points in these nerves so that they may discriminate with such apparently miraculous accuracy; yet even the results in the scent of dogs show how marvellously fine is their discriminating power.

MR. PATER'S GREEK STUDIES.

GOOD criticism is a thing that comes partly of knowledge and partly of sympathetic imagination; and the union of the two is so rare that everyone who cares for thinking about art and literature—for something more, that is, than reading books and looking at pictures—has felt a sense of real loss in Mr. Pater's death. It is, unfortunately, very easy to be ignorant, even in very simple matters; and there is plenty of evidence that it is quite possible to be dull even when writing about Greek art in poetry. It is not too much to say of Mr. Pater that he is never either the one or the other. He may not know the dry bones of his subject, as the specialist does, who knows nothing else; but he has studied it seriously and thoroughly, and can do with it what the specialist can so rarely do—he can make it live.

These qualities, and, in particular, "that delicacy of insight, that gift of penetrating into the heart of things," which, as his friend and editor well says, seemed instinctive with him, are to be found in full measure in this posthumous collection of essays. The book* is really made up of two parts, the earlier being a series of studies of Greek myths, divine or heroic, Dionysus, Demeter, Hippolytus, while the later essays deal with different aspects of Greek art. People who are interested in the life and genius of the Greeks will read the whole, and will find something to learn or to enjoy everywhere; but, if only part is to be read, it must be the earlier, where Mr. Pater seems not only to be more truly at home, but to see things at once deeper and newer than in the studies of Greek sculpture.

Greek religion is, in fact, a subject which specially called for treatment by such a critic as Mr. Pater. In the study of the art and the literature of the Greeks we see our way well so far as we have gone; what we principally ask there is to go further, to have more knowledge. But for the ordinary intelligent reader of Greek the world of Greek religion is a chaos, a place of confusion and darkness that can almost be felt; and what he wants is light and guidance, the key to the labyrinth. He is not merely puzzled by the curious way in which Greek gods overlap each other; he finds the whole atmosphere of Greek religious life strange to him. He tries to tell himself what the Greeks really thought about their gods; but the answer is vague, doubtful, perhaps self-contradictory.

To an inquirer of this sort, Mr. Pater's studies of Dionysus and Demeter will come as a revelation. Only he must not expect what cannot be given. The Christian Church, with its positive and definite statements about God and man and their relations to each other, leads us too often to forget that the Greeks had no orthodox or authoritative creed on such subjects. The fancies of the poets they had, and afterwards the theories of the philosophers; but that was all. "The student of Greek religion," as Mr. Pater says, "must never forget that it is with poetry, not with systematic theological belief, that he has to do." If he will bear this caution in mind, he will find these essays not merely interesting and instructive, but even satisfying.

"The religious imagination of the Greeks," says Mr. Pater, is "a unifying or identifying power, welding into something like the identity of a human person the whole range of man's experiences of a given object." That is the key, and it is used first of all to unlock the secrets of the religion of Dionysus. There are three stages, we are told, in the history of myths: the instinctive phase, embodying primitive impressions of natural phenomena; the literary phase; and, lastly, the ethical. And in the case of Dionysus, coming later, as he did, than other gods, the primitive phase has left its mark more distinctly than in other cases. His religion is "the religion of those who pass their lives among the vines;" and, as the vine is the product of the sun and the dew, Dionysus becomes the "spiritual form of fire and dew," as, in his legend, he is born out of the lightning and then bathed in the ivy fountain. Then, because the vine, for the people of the vineyards, is the symbol of life and growth, he comes to have a scope like that of Demeter for the people of the corn-land: "the whole productive power of the earth is in him." And the name of Dionysus shares with those of Demeter and Persephone an even deeper significance. The annual birth of Nature is followed soon by death, and that death again by resurrection; so, "for a certain number of refined minds," Dionysus, as a type of second birth, "opens the hope of a possible analogy between the resurrection of Nature and something else, as yet unrealised, reserved for human souls." In this way, from being simply the personification of the vine, still recalling the noise of the vineyard in his name Iacchus, and the appearance of those who worked in it by the ivy in his hair, he becomes all that the vine can be made to suggest, Dionysus Eleutherios, loosener of the lips and heart, god of music and of enthusiasm; and then, as the vine is the symbol of all life, the god of the vine comes to be, for his own people, the patron and inspirer of the whole of life, and even, for a few, a consoler in death.

A similar method of interpretation is applied in the two studies of the beautiful myth of Demeter and Persephone, the deepest and perhaps the grandest of all the religious legends of Greece. In connection with this Mr. Pater takes occasion to discuss the wonderful throned Demeter in the British Museum, and the striking figures of Persephone and a priestess which Sir Charles Newton brought with it from Cnidus. Throughout the book he frequently insists on the part sculpture played "in elevating and refining the religious conceptions of the Greeks." A worship like that of Demeter and Persephone might so easily have become a gloomy and horrible superstition, as indeed it actually did at Phigalia; but the sculptor came in, giving æsthetic expression, in coin or statue, to his conception of Demeter, and the gloom vanishes before the serener and higher ideal. What authority there is for Mr. Pater's statement that these "solemn goddesses" alone of the Greek gods "were the objects of a sort of personal love," we do not know; but, if the fact be so, it is very curious. Might it be argued that it is significant of a law which denies the deeper devotion of humanity to those gods, at first sight more attractive, who are not altogether removed from its own level, and reserves it for the more awful and mysterious?

The latter part of the book is occupied with studies in Greek art, in its heroic age, "in the age of graven images," and again in that of athletic prizemen. They are admirable; yet one cannot but greatly regret that they are incomplete, and that what was left unfinished, or hardly begun, was precisely the study of the work of Phidias, with which Mr. Pater was so pre-eminently fitted to deal. Still, there is enough to be very grateful for; and though there is at least one very curious mistake—the attribution of the great Hera of Argos to Myron instead of to Polycleitus—every lover of Greek sculpture should find time to read what Mr. Pater has to say. Of course, he must not look so much for new facts as for suggestive interpretation of the old. What could be better, for instance, than the account of the great Zeus of Phidias, which it was held a calamity to die without seeing, and of which, as Mr. Pater might well have told his readers, a few coins—especially one at Paris, and, as some think, a head of Asclepius at Athens—preserve to us some traces? "Zeus is, in primitive intention, the open sky;" and the success of Phidias lay precisely in expressing in human form "the blandness, the breadth, the smile, of the open sky, the mild heat of it still coming and going in the face of the father of all the children of sunshine and shower." It would be difficult, too, to express the essential

* "Greek Studies." A Series of Essays. By Walter Pater. Prepared for the Press by Charles L. Shadwell, Fellow of Oriel College. London: Macmillan & Co.

thing about the art of Phidias better than it is expressed here, when we are told that the work of Phidias united "the veritable image of man in the full possession of his reasonable soul with the true religious mysticity, the signature there of something from afar." Studies, so wide as Mr. Pater's were, always produce interesting illustrations, and the comparisons of Greek art with Gothic, with Italian, with the art of the Renaissance and the art of Japan, are a striking feature of this book. The last is not the least curious. Early Greek artists deal far less successfully with man than with the animals, just as in Japanese art, "so lovely in its reproduction of flower and bird, the human form alone comes almost as a caricature." Japan has gone no further; but Greece, receiving that Asiatic tradition of perfect craftsmanship, added something higher, "a revelation of the soul and body of man."

Mr. Pater's style is here, as elsewhere, occasionally of an irritating obscurity, and its heavily charged atmosphere is perhaps not the fittest in studies of Greece, but its flexibility, its felicity in discovering always the epithet which after discovery seems the only possible one, and, above all, its rich suggestiveness, are large compensations; and, besides, he may be right in telling us that we have all overestimated the Olympian sanity of the Greeks, and that they, too, had their share of the "romantic spirit," and were not so ignorant as has sometimes been thought of "the worship of sorrow."

THE DRAMA.

"Romeo and Juliet."

ONE never knows. I came away from the Lyceum on Saturday night a man enchanted. In the train, going home, I was still under the glamour of the thing, and went so far as to annoy a fellow-passenger—a comatose stranger, reading the *Sporting Times*—with a rhapsody on *Romeo and Juliet* and the beautiful performance of it I had just witnessed. The audience had given every sign of sharing my enthusiasm. The house rang with cheers. The manager made a speech of thanks in tones "broken with emotion." I began to be reconciled to life. I looked forward to finding the "press" giving eloquent utterance to what was as yet in me little more than inarticulate emotion: it would be the same delight, only better expressed. Of Mr. Clement Scott I felt quite sure. The house had pronounced in favour of the performance, and Mr. Scott is strong on majorities (using them freely as a stick to beat the Ibsen dog with), and knows all about "the great heart of the public." Then there was Mr. William Archer—with whom it happens to me so rarely to disagree, in fundamentals, that I am accustomed to assume his concurrence as a matter of course. Judge, then, of my dismay when I found both Mr. Scott and Mr. Archer roundly condemning the whole affair! It was a momentary consolation to perceive that with all their agreement they could not help occasionally contradicting one another—and even themselves. Thus the critic of the *World* declared that "where Mrs. Patrick Campbell was really excellent was in the little outburst of temper after her mother had proposed the marriage with Paris. . . . Petulance is the emotion of all others which comes best within her range." Whereas, for the critic of *Truth*, "a soured and shrewish Juliet is a development of the nineteenth century. Shakespeare would not have known her." Mr. Scott complained, in one breath, that Juliet was "hopelessly modern" and the Romeo "mediæval." To Mr. Archer's exploit in self-contradiction I will come later. What I have to recognise at once is the substantial accord between the two critics.

Their objection to the performance comes, roughly speaking, to this: it was tame, monotonous, underplayed—there was not enough "acting" in it. "Acted it was not," says Mr. Archer. This scene "simply does not exist," that scene is "absolutely tame and unrealised." And, if Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Juliet passes muster as good, "there is an end of an art that I am old-fashioned enough to love—the art of Shakesperean acting." "Tame" and "invertebrate" are Mr. Scott's words, and he, again, is old-fashioned enough to, etc. etc. For Mrs. Campbell's acting is disparaged by comparison with that of Stella Colas, which was "great acting of the classical Shakesperean school." Oh, the blessed word "Shakesperean"! What does it mean? What is this wonderful "Shakesperean acting" over which Mr. Scott and Mr. Archer mingle their reminiscent tears? Stella Colas, it seems, possessed this secret. Let us try to pluck out the heart of her mystery—with the help of an eye-witness, the late Professor Henry Morley. "This Juliet," says the Professor in his "Journal of a London Playgoer" for 1864, "is abominable. Mlle. Colas cannot even seem to forget herself. When Juliet, after her first entry, has only to stand at her mother's chair, hearing much, answering little, Mlle. Colas perks her head, grins, twists, ambles from one side of the chair to the other, and looks obtrusively conscious of every part of herself from the tip of her nose to the tips of her toes. In the balcony scene her coquetry with Romeo is abominable; and the way in which, for example, she speaks of their swift contract as

> "Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
> Ere one can say—It lightens,"

jumping up to deliver the last two words with big eyes and a pretty, surprised stare, is enough to make one gnash one's teeth till they break. . . . She may bring great applause from an audience, but she is not acting Shakespeare." "Great acting of the classical Shakespearean school," says one witness; "not acting Shakespeare," says another. Really, this is very confusing. I begin to think that the word "Shakespearean" has no reference to Shakespeare at all, and had better be left out of the memorial.

Let me admit, then, without regret, that Mrs. Campbell has failed to repeat the performance of Mlle. Stella Colas who excelled in Shakespearean acting without acting Shakespeare. I should have been much surprised if she had. Mr. Archer, although he is old-fashioned enough to, etc. etc., spares us Mlle. Stella Colas; and I am grateful to him for that piece of forbearance, at any rate. But for more "acting"—of some sort—he cries aloud. He wants Juliet, apparently, to be perpetually doing something, "running through the whole gamut of emotion" and moving her muscles accordingly. He complains of Mrs. Campbell's "apathy," when Juliet listens to the Friar's speech about the potion, when she returns to her father's house, when she awakes among the tombs, and so on. She got through the ball-room and balcony scenes, he admits, successfully; but this was only recitation. When "acting, as distinguished from recitation, sets in," she breaks down. Conclusion: she has erred in ignoring stage traditions. If she had studied them—who knows?—she might have gone ambling round the chairs ere one could say—It lightens.

Now, for my part—and it is perhaps time to air my own opinions instead of other people's—I am delighted that Mrs. Campbell has discarded these same stage traditions. I submit that the way to vitalise Shakespeare is to put your own vitality into his work, and to trouble not at all about what Miss O'Neill or Miss Adelaide Neilson or even Mlle. Stella Colas put into it. Every generation re-makes its classics for itself. Mrs. Campbell has consulted her temperament, tried to imagine herself in Juliet's place, and let the "acting" come naturally—as it pleased, *au petit bonheur*. The result, to my mind, is an impression of overwhelming truth. The cardinal fact about Juliet is that she is a child.

She is child-sweetheart and child-wife of a mere stripling. The whole sweetness and pathos of the great poem is in the innocent, naïve love of these helpless children. (And Mr. Archer would destroy it all by adding five years to Juliet's age—thinking that her "fourteen" was a mere accident of the stage, the part having to be played by a boy!) Now it is the expression of naïve, childlike helplessness which is Mrs. Campbell's crowning quality; she showed it in Paula Tanqueray—it was, indeed, the real charm of that performance. A mere child, she pours forth her love for Romeo in the balcony as a sort of delicious prattle—almost a baby-language. (This is what Mr. Archer calls "recitation.") A mere child, she is bewildered and numbed by the calamity which Tybalt's death brings upon her, and from that moment has the dazed, dulled feeling of all children crushed by what seems to them the incomprehensible cruelty of things in this world. (What Mr. Archer calls Mrs. Campbell's "apathy"). In the potion scene, she shows a child's natural terror of the dark. Mr. Archer finds this scene at two points "absolutely comic." Suspecting poison, this Juliet uncorks the phial and smells it. "Exquisitely misplaced realism," says Mr. Archer. It is exactly, I should say, what a child in Juliet's place would do. Then "she stares over the footlights to descry the ghost of Tybalt somewhere in the dress-circle." If she had stared another way, I suppose we should have been told she was looking for the ghost in the "flies" or "the wings." The poor lady must look somewhere. Is not this reference to the "dress-circle" exquisitely misplaced realism of Mr. Archer's? And so throughout—in the simple, trustful "Romeo, I come! This do I drink to thee," in the quiet of the death-scene, as of one half-wakened from a dream—this is the child-Juliet. The actress's slender, girlish form makes the picture complete.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Romeo is not, it would seem, robust enough for either Mr. Scott or Mr. Archer. "More instinct with thought than fervour," says one; "essentially a creation of reflection," says the other. Romeo was a youthful lover, and the assumption seems to be that all youthful lovers are of one type—restlessly active and demonstrative. But Bourget wisely used the plural when he spoke of "les passions de l'amour." Romeo, to my mind—and I shall be glad to hear of any textual evidence to the contrary—is the passive lover, a sentimentalist, not a man of strong will. His is the "susceptible" type (remember the first affair with Rosaline), the man who suffers from "l'obsession de la femme." Such men are the helpless victims of love. In presence of the woman they are silent, possessed, hypnotised. (So Mr. Robertson under Juliet's balcony.) Separated from her, they are weak, will-less, and break down like children deprived of a toy. (Romeo in the Friar's cell when he hears of his banishment.) This is Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Romeo; and I believe it to be the right one. Mr. Archer and Mr. Scott do not like it; they do not like anything in the play.

And yet the first-night audience were manifestly as delighted as I was. For my part, I should not have mentioned this detail, which has nothing to do with criticism as I understand it; but Mr. Archer drags in this question of public applause, and in a very singular way. He volunteers an explanation of it, which virtually is that (1) the public don't know any better, and (2) they applaud out of sheer good nature. Conclusion: the public applause is worthless. Nevertheless, when the applause is withheld from scenes which he himself condemns, he mentions the fact as reinforcing his judgment. This scene "passed with no sign of applause." "I do not remember to have seen 'another scene' pass, as it did on Saturday night, without the faintest applause." Logical inference: applause is significant when it chimes with the critic's own humour, without significance when it does not—a curious position.

A. B. W.

WIDDERSHINS.

A Droll.

ONCE upon a time there was a small farmer living in Wendron parish, not far from the church-town. 'Thaniel Teague was his name. This Teague happened to walk into Helston on a Furry-day,* when the Mayor and townspeople dance through the streets to the Furry-tune. In the evening there was a grand ball given at the Angel Hotel, and the landlord very kindly allowed Teague—who had stopped too late as it was—to look in through the door and watch the gentry dance the Lancers.

Teague thought he had never seen anything so heavenly. What with one hindrance and another 'twas past midnight before he reached home, and then nothing would do for him but he must have his wife and six children out upon the floor in their night-clothes, practising the Grand Chain while he sang—

"Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise."

The seventh child, the babby, they set down in the middle of the floor, like a nine-pin. And the worst of it was, the poor mite twisted his eyes so, trying to follow his mammy round and round, that he grew up with a cast from that hour.

'Tis of this child—Joby he was called—that I am going to tell you. Barring the cast, he grew up a very straight lad, and in due time began to think upon marrying. His father's house faced south, and as it came easier to him to look north-west than any other direction, he chose a wife from Gwinear parish. His elder brothers had gone off to sea for their living, and his sister had married a mine captain: so when the old people died, Joby took over the farm and worked it, and did very well.

Joby's wife was very fond of him, though of course she didn't like that cast in his looks: and in many ways 'twas inconvenient too. If the poor man ever put hand on plough to draw a straight furrow, round to the north 'twould work as sure as a compass-needle. She consulted the doctors about it, and they did no good. Then she thought about consulting a conjurer; but being a timorous woman as well as not over-wise, she put it off for a while.

Now there was a little fellow living over to Penryn in those times, Tommy Warne by name, that gave out he knew how to conjure. Folks believed in him more than he did himself: for, to tell truth, he was a lazy shammick, who liked most ways of getting a living better than hard work. Still, he was generally made pretty welcome at the farm-houses round, for he could turn a hand to anything and always kept the maids laughing in the kitchen. One morning he dropped in on Farmer Joby and asked for a job to earn his dinner; and Joby gave him some straw to spin for thatching. By dinner-time Tom had spun two bundles of such very large size that the farmer rubbed his chin when he looked at them.

"Why," says he, "I always thought you a liar—I did indeed. But now I believe you can conjure, sure enough."

As for Mrs. Joby, she was so much pleased that, though she felt certain the devil must have had a hand in it, she gave Tom an extra helping of pudding for dinner.

Some time after this, Farmer Joby missed a pair of pack-saddles. Search and ask as he might, he couldn't find out who had stolen them, or what had become of them.

"Tommy Warne's a clever fellow," he said at last. "I must see if he can tell me anything." So he walked over to Penryn on purpose.

Tommy was in his doorway smoking when Farmer Joby came down the street. "So you'm after they pack-saddles," said he.

* Flora-day, May 8th.

"Why, how ever did you know?"

"That's my business. Will it do if you find 'em after harvest?"

"To be sure 'twill. I only want to know where they be."

"Very well, then; after harvest they'll be found."

Home the farmer went. Sure enough, after harvest, he went to unwind Tommy's two big bundles of straw-rope for thatching the mow, and in the middle of each was one of his missing pack-saddles.

"Well, now," said Joby's wife, "that fellow must have a real gift of conjurin'! I wonder, my dear, you don't go and consult him about that there cross eye of yours."

"I will, then," said Joby; and he walked over to Penryn again the very next market-day.

"'Cure your eyes,' is it?" said Tommy Warne. "Why to be sure I can. Why didn't you ax me afore? I thought you *liked* squintin'."

"I don't, then; I hate it."

"Very well; you shall see straight this very night if you do what I tell you. Go home and tell your wife to make your bed on the roof of the four-poster; and she must make it widdershins,* turnin' bed-tie and all against the sun, and puttin' the pillow where the feet come as a rule. That's all."

"Fancy my never thinkin' of anything so simple as that!" said Joby. He went home and told his wife. She made his bed on the roof of the four-poster, and widdershins, as he ordered; and they slept that night, the wife as usual, and Joby up close to the rafters.

But scarcely had Joby closed an eye before there came a rousing knock at the door, and in walked Joby's eldest brother, the sea-captain, that he hadn't seen for years.

"Get up, Joby, and come along with me if you want that eye of yours mended."

"Thank you, Sam, it's curin' very easy and nice, and I hope you won't disturb me."

"If 'tis Tommy Warne's cure you're trying, why then I'm part of it; so you'd best get up quickly."

"Aw, that's another matter, though you might have said so at first. I'd no notion you and Tommy was hand-'n-glove."

Joby rose up and followed his brother out of doors. He had nothing on but his night-shirt, but his brother seemed in a hurry, and he didn't like to object.

They set their faces to the road and they walked and walked, neither saying a word, till they came to Penryn. There was a fair going on in the town; swing-boats and shooting-galleries and lillybanger standings, and naphtha lamps flaming, and in the middle of all, a great whirly-go-round, with striped horses and boats, and a steam-organ playing "Yankee Doodle." Joby's brother Sam walked up to this and paid the fare, and the two took their seats in one of the boats. As soon as they started Joby saw that the whole thing was going around widdershins; and his brother stood up under the naphtha-lamp and pulled out a sextant and began to take observations.

"What's the latitude?" asked Joby. He felt that he ought to say something to his brother, after being parted all these years.

"Decimal nothing to speak of," answered Sam.

"Then we ought to be nearing the Line," said Joby. He hadn't noticed the change, but now he saw that the boat they sat in was floating on the sea, and that Sam had stuck his walking-stick out over the stern and was steering.

"What's the longitude?" asked Joby.

"That doesn't concern us."

"'Tis west o' Grinnidge, I suppose?" Joby knew very little about navigation, and wanted to make the most of it.

"West o' Penryn," said Sam, very sharp and short. "'Twasn' Grinnidge Fair we started from."

But presently he sings out "Here we are!" and Joby saw a white line, like a popping-crease, painted across the blue sea ahead of them. First he thought 'twas paint, and then he thought 'twas catgut, for when the keel of their boat scraped over it, it sang like a bird.

"That was the Equator," said Sam. "Now let's see if your eyes be any better."

But when Joby tried them, what was his disappointment to find the cast as bad as ever; only they were now slewing right the other way, towards the South Pole.

"I never thought well of this cure from the first," declared Sam. "For my part, I'm sick and tired of the whole business!" And with that he bounced up from the thwart and hailed a passing shark and walked down its throat in a huff, leaving Joby all alone on the wide sea.

"There's nice brotherly behaviour for you!" said Joby to himself. "Lucky he left his walking-stick behind. The best thing I can do is to steer along close to the Equator, and then I know where I am."

So he steered along close to the Line, and by-and-by he saw something shining in the distance. When he came nearer, 'twas a great gilt fowl stuck there with its beak to the Line and its wings sprawled out. And when he came close, 'twas no other than the cock belonging to the tower of his own parish church of Wendron!

"Well!" said Joby, "one has to travel to find out how small the world is. And what might you be doin' here, naybour?"

"Is that you, Joby Teague? Then I'll thank you to do me a good turn. I came here in a witch-ship last night, and the crew put this spell upon me because I wouldn't pay my footing to cross the Line. A nice lot, to try and steal the gilt off a church weather-cock! 'Tis ridiculous," said he, "but I can't get loose for the life o' me!"

"Why, that's as easy as A B C," said Joby. "You'll find it in any book of parlour amusements. You take a fowl, put its beak to the floor, and draw a chalk line away from it, right and left——"

Joby wetted his thumb, smudged out a bit of the Equator on each side of the cock's nose, and the bird stood up and shook himself.

"And now is there anything I can do for you, Joby Teague?"

"To be sure there is. Squint or no squint, Wendron's Wendron, and that's where I'm comfortable. Besides, I may get into trouble in these parts for what I've done to the Equator."

"Climb on my back, then, and home we go!"

It seemed no more than a flap of the wings, and Joby found himself on his friend's back on one of the pinnacles of Wendron Church and looking down on his own farm.

"Thankin' you kindly, soce, and now I think I'll be goin'," said he.

"Not till I've cured your eyesight, Joby," said the polite bird.

Joby by this time was wishing his eyesight to botheration; but before he could say a word, a breeze came about the pinnacles, and he was spinning around on the cock's back—spinning around widdershins—clutching the bird's neck and holding his breath.

"And now," the cock said, as they came to a standstill again, "I think you can see a hole in a ladder as well as any man."

Just then the bells in the tower below them began to ring merrily.

Said Joby, "What's that for, I wonder?"

"It looks to me," said the cock, "as if your wife was gettin' married again."

Sure enough, while the bells rang, Joby saw the door of his own house open, and his own wife come stepping towards the church, leaning on a man's arm. And who should that man be but Tommy Warne?

"And to think I've lived fifteen years with that woman, and never lifted my hand to her!"

Said the bird, "The wedding is fixed for eleven

* From S. to N., through E.

o'clock, and 'tis on the stroke now. If I was you, Joby, I'd climb down and put back the church clock."

"And so I would, if I knew how to get to it."

"You've but to slide down my leg to the parapet: and from the parapet you can jump right on to the string-course under the clock."

Joby slid down the bird's leg, and jumped on to the ledge. He had never before noticed a clock in Wendron Church tower; but there one was, staring him in the face.

"Now," cried his friend, "catch hold of the minute-hand and turn!" Joby did so—"Widdershins!" screamed the bird: "faster! faster!" Joby whizzed back the minute-hand with all his might. . . .

"Aië, ul—ul—oo! Lemme go! 'Tis my arm you're pullin' off!" 'Twas his own wife's voice in his own four-poster. Joby had slid down the bed-post and caught hold of her arm, and was workin' it round like mad from right to left.

"I ax your pardon, my dear. I was thinkin' you was another man's bride."

"Indeed, you wasn't behavin' like it," said she.

But when she got up and lit a candle, she was pleased enough: for Joby's eyes were as straight as yours or mine. And straight they have been ever since. Q.

SAVAGES.

(To Khama, Sebele, and Bathoen.)

AS stags that o'er some moonlit pasture range,
Obscurely they emerge upon our ken,
Those lithe fierce forms, pathetical and strange,
Those changeless savage men!

Sometimes it is the prairies' twilight brood
That, for a moment, doth affront our noon:
The stark Ghost-dancers rave for white men's blood,
Their bare feet drum in tune.

Sometimes, with unimagined faith possest,
The dark religious Mahdists rush in swarms
Upon an impious and intruding West,
Impregnable in arms.

Anon, the meek Kanáka steals in view,
And respite for a little space implores,
While drink, disease, and long debauch undo
His palm-embattled shores.

Again, with praying lips and patient eyes,
Some Aethiop tribe uplifts a sombre face,
And pleads articulate before it dies
For the great White Man's grace.

Commerce, the sluggish-footed Maenad, creeps
Through all their borders, laying stealthy hands
Upon the harvest of all virgin deeps,
The fruit of all lone lands!

She leaves a bleaching line of savage bones
Her royal road to mark and to define:
Cairns of their murdered kings are her milestones,
Kings of some perishing line.

Vainly these strove and cried, nor ever found
A breathing-space, a time to love and toil,
A strip of hunting-ground or burial-ground
No trader dared despoil!

Types of the ancestral races whence have sprung
The polished Aryans of the happier West,
Types of the Babe who hung when Time was young
Upon Earth's lonely breast,

Shall these belated elemental men
Still inarticulately strive and cry,
And find no rest until the day dawn when
Mortality shall die?

Victor Plarr.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

Books Fatal to their Authors.

"GIVE a book a good name and read it" might be, though it is not, a proverbial saying. Mr. Ditchfield* is to be congratulated on his happy title. We all owe authors a grudge, and are glad to hear of their misfortunes or failings. The Calamities of Authors, the Quarrels of Authors, the Death-Beds of Authors, the Bankruptcies of Authors, these are all fascinating themes, but none so good as Mr. Ditchfield's. Who would not gladly hear of the sad end of men who have written books? We have, however, to confess disappointment—though the fault is not Mr. Ditchfield's. We thought he had a better case—a brief more filled with damaging facts and disastrous fates. Fatality, in ordinary parlance, implies death—by fire or hemp, or at least starvation. To write yourself out is, of course, the ordinary fate of authors; to outlive your public, to outstay your welcome, to see a younger generation go off with your readers, for your pleasant little tricks of style and artifice of story to grow stale before your eyes, to be shoved into the background by some bouncing boy or bold-eyed girl who wore pinafores when their elders were all talking about *you*—these mishaps, though melancholy enough, and, indeed, freighted with pathos and grey-haired disappointment, are hardly fatalities properly so called. Mr. Ditchfield's happy title sets us thinking of violent ends.

Theology of course leads the way. Mr. Ditchfield begins with Molinos, the famous Spaniard who died in the dungeons of the Inquisition in 1696. A harmless devout man if ever there was one. Had he not written his "Spiritual Manual: Releasing the soul and leading it along the interior way to the acquiring the perfection of contemplation and the rich treasure of internal peace," he might have ended his own days in peace, and in the confessional given comfort to many a poor struggling penitent. His book does indeed seem to have been fatal to him in the true sense. But many of the victims of clerical intolerance hardly satisfy one's notions of authors pure and simple. Take John Huss for example. He attacked the Pope and denied his right to be Head of the Church. To do this was to go to war with the powers that were. Huss would have been the first to admit that if he were wrong he deserved to be burnt; and, indeed, as Mr. Ditchfield tells us, he publicly consented to be burnt if his conclusions were proved to be wrong, adding, however, like a true sportsman, the condition that if his opponents failed to make out their case, he was to burn them—and not only one of them, but the whole lot. This was declined as too onerous, and Huss therefore withdrew his challenge. Huss was, as all the world knows, burnt at the stake, and met his fate like a brave soldier. Indeed, though he wrote books, to call Huss an author whose books proved fatal to him is, we cannot help thinking, to trespass a little beyond the bounds of authorship. Tyndale, perhaps, is nearer the mark, though had he, as Mr. Ditchfield shrewdly remarks, confined himself to his famous translation of the Scriptures, he might have escaped a glorious death. His treatise entitled the "Practice of Prelates" was a declaration of war, and his epitaph, as Mr. Froude finely says, is the Reformation. Your true author was Erasmus, and he, as we all know, had no mind to burn. The story of Michael Servetus, whose death is Calvin's shame, is that of an author whose fingers itched after theology. To deny to theologians the title of authors would, we suppose, be ridiculous, but writing as they do on subjects which are, to some extent, outside the realm of letters, they hardly answer to one's notions of an author. Rabelais and Montaigne and Voltaire were authors, but they died in their beds.

*"Books Fatal to their Authors." By P. H. Ditchfield. London: Elliot Stock.

Let us next consider the case of atheists and men of science. Bruno is, perhaps, the most famous atheist (so-called) who was actually burnt. He was bred a Dominican, but had a turn for science and the acquisition of knowledge. He became very learned and unorthodox. He taught that God is the substance and life of all things, and "that the universe is an immense animal, of which God is the soul." He likewise ridiculed the Canon of Holy Scripture and (so Mr. Ditchfield says) "blasphemed the Saviour." He was burnt alive, and met his death like a hero. An unluckier, because a more unwilling, victim was Etienne Dolet, the publisher, whose life by Mr. Christie is a most delightful book. He was burnt to death in Paris in 1546. He was a very unpopular man, who really had done nothing to deserve so harsh a fate. He was not an atheist, or even a blasphemer. His friend Rabelais merited the faggot far more than this bilious printer. Death by misadventure is the verdict we should return if called upon to inquire curiously into the fate of Dolet.

Galileo happily escaped a violent end, but his life was so harassed by the Roman Inquisition that, though he died at the age of seventy-eight, he must ever be regarded as a victim of the clergy. But here, again, we cannot comfortably reckon Galileo an author.

Very few poets have been done to death by agencies outside themselves. Suppose Milton had been hung! Mr. Ditchfield's industry has collected some examples. Cecco d'Ascoli was burnt at Bologna in 1327; Caspar Weiser's head was chopped off in 1676 by a king of Sweden; John Williams was hanged, drawn, and quartered by our own King Jamie in 1619; and young Pierre Petit was hung and burnt in Paris about the same time. This completes Mr. Ditchfield's list. It is not an imposing one. When one recalls how many bad poets have flourished at all periods the clan must be said to have escaped easily.

We have to thank our author for a very pleasant book, but—there is always a "but"—he has not avoided the common fault of advocates whose case is not so strong as they would like, namely, of making it even weaker by introducing false points. It is surely absurd in a book like this to find the names of Dr. Samuel Clarke; of William Cole, the Cambridge antiquarian; of Collins, the poet; of Cowley, of De Foe, of Grotius, of Keats, of James Montgomery, of Ritson, of Toland, and of Woolston.

No one of these men wrote a book which was fatal to them.

On the whole, authors properly so-called—that is to say, men who truck fancies or record facts—have seldom expiated their printers' errors at the stake, on the block, or by the gallows. Poverty and drink, bad health and odd tempers, a stupid public, careless critics and greedy publishers—these are the real enemies of the race. A. B.

REVIEWS.

AN APOSTLE OF THE *A PRIORI*.

COUSIN'S LIFE AND LETTERS: BIOGRAPHY. By M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. In 3 vols. Paris: Felix Alcan, and Hachette & Co.

M. BARTHÉLEMY ST. HILAIRE has performed a labour of love in this tribute to the memory of M. Victor Cousin, "restorer of the spiritualist philosophy in the nineteenth century." His work was commenced in the summer of 1892; it constitutes a monument to the history of philosophy in this century.

The author tells us that he owed all his career to M. Cousin, in whose intimacy he lived for more than thirty years. He claims, however, to be an impartial witness, seeing that he never asked his patron for anything and never flattered him. "If I think proper to make known my relations with the philosopher it is in order to exhibit his character in a true light, which has been distorted by malevolence and calumny."

M. St. Hilaire, perhaps from excessive scruples, is silent concerning these ill-natured calumniators, but there is no reason why other people should be so particular. The chief offender happens to be a colleague and friend of the writer, M. Jules Simon. "In the first place it is not true, and even if it were it was not for him to tell it." Such is M. St. Hilaire's closet opinion of the too free and caustic expressions which fall so lightly from the lips of the *cher confrère*. The sum of Jules Simon's offending seems to consist in having indulged in some sly hits at Cousin's pontifical manner, and in insinuations that the philosopher took credit for certain work which a literary Trade Marks Act would have assigned to the disciple. Possibly, too, M. St. Hilaire may be pained to see that his academic colleague does not esteem Cousin as highly as he would like.

In this respect Jules Simon is more modern than the author of this valuable and painstaking biography. It is certain that Cousin does not occupy the position in the intellectual life of the day which he enjoyed half a century ago. M. St. Hilaire is still faithful to his early attachments, and perhaps looks at his master through a magnifying glass. The philosophic standpoint has so completely changed in the last half-century that one is tempted to underrate the worth and influence of this exponent of so-called "Spiritualist" philosophy. Perhaps our learned author goes too far when he affirms that "Cousin demonstrated the truth of Spiritualism, whether in refuting Locke and Condillac, or in speaking in his own name." He is nearer the mark in admitting that the philosopher "did not convert the age to which he addressed himself to his doctrines, however practical and beautiful they were. Our era, guided by the sciences, has thrown itself into quite contrary ways, and has not yet arrived at the time when excess of this kind calls for salutary reactions. Nations would infallibly perish by materialism, and that is why they ought not to remain in it. Philosophy cannot save them from these mortal aberrations; religions themselves have great difficulty in freeing them therefrom. But the enterprise of M. Cousin was all the more meritorious that it had fewer chances of succeeding. What can philosophy do where even religion has failed?"

A great, and not the least interesting, portion of these three volumes is taken up with Cousin's controversies with the Church and its representatives, clerical and lay. Nowhere is the change that has come over the world in these matters more forcibly brought out than in Cousin's correspondence with Pius IX. When one considers the inadequate scholastic antecedents and very limited intellectual attainments of the late Pope, it appears to our end of the century little short of a joke that such a man, even though a Pope, should claim to make the teaching of the University conform to his standard. And it strikes one as almost humiliating that a teacher like Cousin should have appeared so solicitous to obtain the approval of Rome. But there is a wide difference between the years 1856 and 1895. Most impartial readers will think, after perusing this correspondence, that Cousin did not stand by the great principle of intellectual independence with sufficient firmness. Although M. St. Hilaire thinks the concessions he made were "purely formal," nevertheless he adds: "Cousin's example may serve as a lesson to others who might be tempted to imitate it, and to yield, as he did, to the most laudable intentions. Agreement is for ever impossible; and the best that both parties (sacred and secular) can do is to abstain and tolerate each other mutually, since the principles are absolutely irreconcilable."

English, and especially Scottish, readers will derive much pleasure from the chapters relating to philosophy in their country in the beginning of the century. Cousin boasted that he knew all Dugald Stewart's works by heart. In a letter of August 24th, 1834, to Professor Pillans, of Edinburgh, Cousin writes: "Tell these ladies [Mrs. and Miss Dugald Stewart] and our friend Hamilton that in all our colleges I have taken steps that the teaching of philosophy should be founded on Reid and Stewart." The spiritualist philosopher did not profess the modern creed of the Unknowable; he held that "the enigma of the universe must have a key: it is this key which philosophy seeks. Sensualism," he says, "fails because it confounds the beautiful with the agreeable." Those who are curious about old-world controversies—the phenomenalism of Kant, the Pantheism of Schelling, the school of Descartes, and the like—will find ample mental nutriment in these solid volumes. In the earlier years of his professorial career M. Cousin is here said to have committed two errors, which he corrected later, on the nature of philosophy: "One, which consists in treating it like the natural sciences; the other, which imagines that philosophy has long been completed, and that there is nothing more to be done than pick and choose among the systems which have exhausted all questions and solved all problems."

The controversy between Cousin and Sir William Hamilton as to the Infinite, or, as the Edinburgh metaphysician called it, the "Unconditioned," is familiar. From Mill's "Examination" of Hamilton's philosophy, Sir William held that "the Unconditioned cannot be known, nor even conceived." His French antagonist contended that "the Infinite is immediately seized or apprehended in the consciousness, under the notion of the Finite, which we are, and by reflection." The polemics to which Sir William's celebrated article in the *Edinburgh Review* gave rise did not prevent very friendly correspondence between the two philosophers. Indeed, these volumes are a sort of encyclopædia of names of note in the first half of the century. The intellectual giants of Germany stand forth in clearer light by their correspondence given at length. The names of Hegel, Schelling, Schlegel are found appended to letters, often of general interest. In M. St. Hilaire's eyes these form the most valuable portion of his biography. There is an exceedingly interesting letter from Niebuhr shortly before his death in 1831, addressed in French "to my respected friend," in which the historian recommends to Cousin's attention Dr. Simson of Koenigsberg, who afterwards, as President of the German Parliament, revisited the neighbourhood of Paris, Versailles, to offer the Imperial crown to the King of Prussia. Niebuhr's opinion about the revolutionists who expelled Charles X. was not flattering. "In 1789," he said, "there was a generous enthusiasm, noble hopes and illusions. I see nothing of that now; neither energy, except in the people in the days of combat, nor marked talents in the popular party, nor wisdom, nor abandonment of superficial maxims." The exposer of the legends of early Rome showed true insight here.

The reviewer is almost forced to stagger under the weight of materials collected in these pages, which the learned will consult with curiosity, and where the student may seek a vivid and living reproduction of the past. The biographer remains in the background—too much so, it will surely be thought—to let his personages speak; his *rôle* is confined to judicious impartial comment, and the personal knowledge which only a nonagenarian *savant* can supply. The race of eye-witnesses of the Revolution of 1848 is gradually being thinned, while that of 1830 is reduced to a few scanty remnants. M. St. Hilaire, who was born in 1805, may be pronounced one of the last survivors. In his chapter entitled, "Liaisons Diverses," we find the name of Rachel figuring among the correspondents of the spiritualist philosopher; but no breath of scandal is attached to the term. Cousin died in 1867 at Cannes, when on a visit with Mérimée and M. St. Hilaire, of which a graphic description is given.

AN EARLY ENGLISH MYSTIC.

YORKSHIRE WRITERS. Richard Rolle, of Hampole, an English Father of the Church, and his Followers. Edited by C. Horstman. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

A CERTAIN pathos clings about the memory of this ancient English mystic. He died in 1349, and our chief authority for his life is derived from the office which the nuns of Hampole had composed for him against the day of his elevation to the Church's altars. But that day never came, and Richard Rolle remains a saint uncanonised and scarce remembered, save by literary historians and philologists. Leaving Oxford and his father's house before his twentieth year, he retired to an eremitical life near Hampole, in Yorkshire, and abode there all his days in contemplation, and in the composition of devout works, original and translated, Latin and English, prose and verse. His is the glory of being the first original writer of English prose whose name we know, and, scant as is our knowledge of him, he is a figure of profound fascination, as mystical theologians are wont to be. Anglican Churchmen, whilst often learned in Church historians before the Reformation, are apt to begin their study of English theologians with Cranmer and Hooker, ignoring even the Anselms and other lights of the Church. Many would mistake an extract from Rolle for some utterance of fourteenth-century Germany or sixteenth-century Spain, of an Eckhart or a John of the Cross: it is a prevailing delusion that old England produced no mystics, properly so called, but merely devotional writers untouched by the spirit of the "sacred darkness" and the contemplative ecstasy. Richard Rolle, with his fellows and followers represented in this volume, dispels that error; it is a book burning with the divine zeal, the work of men driven by Bonaventure's "Goad of Love," and casting themselves upon poetry, allegory, ejaculation, for the expression of their passionate hearts. With Sir Thomas Browne, they love to "lose themselves in an *O Altitudo!*" and, as the same writer has it, they "have been so happy as personally to understand Christian Annihilation, Ecstasy, Exolution, Liquefaction, Transformation, the Kiss of the Spouse, Gustation of God, and Ingression into the Divine Shadow," and therefore "they have already had an handsome Anticipation of Heaven; the glory of the World is surely over, and the Earth in Ashes unto them."

At the same time there is an English note in their theological strictness. It is easy, as Faber said, "to go wrong in spiritual theology, and to stray into the shadow of condemned propositions." But these mystics do not so much as skirt the abyss of pantheism, as do so many of their foreign brethren: they keep safe within the plain paths traced by creed, and Scripture, and the Church's "living voice." They are practical, in the common sense of the word, and write less with a desire to contribute to mystical science for its own sake, than with an eye to the practice of piety. They are not, like the great masters of Catholic mysticism, intellectually hard to comprehend, but fervent and simple. Their pages are not divided into rigid logical sections, but are a vehement stream of entreaties and outcries, starred with "Ah, sweet Jesu!" and rapturous appeals. Rolle, at least, has a singular poetical charm in imagination and in phrase, a true literary instinct amid his ecstasies. Thus, Conscience is "the Abbey of the Holy Ghost," founded by the Father of Heaven. The Holy Ghost is its warden and visitor: and twenty-nine "ghostly ladies" inhabit it, of whom Charity is abbess, Wisdom prioress, Meekness sub-prioress. God's four daughters dwell in the convent: Mercy and Truth are Abbess Charity's chaplains, Righteousness is Wisdom's, Peace attends upon Meekness. It is like Bunyan, but more consistent in theological meaning, less vivid in dramatic art. The plangent sentences are full of piteous

beauty and simplicity. What a reverent realism in this scene from the Crucifixion! "And then took they such another rugged nail and drove it with an hammer through both His feet at once into the hard Tree. Ah, Lord, how that rugged nail crashed among the hard bones!" This is no Spanish Jesuit of Renaissance times, nor Italian Passionist of our own: it is a north-country Saxon hermit of the fourteenth century. But, like all who have what Wesley called "heart religion," he loves the personal and physical, and concrete details of the Scripture narrative, and to amplify them in his imagination—as in this exquisite passage: "Then was He born of His Mother in an old broken house at Bethlem town's end, and laid in an ass-manger on a little hay. And there found He another lady of the same Abbey, that is Poverty: forwhy His Mother had none other sheets to bind Him in, but took a kerchief off her head, and cut an old kirtle, and made thereof clothes, and wound therein her Child for cold, and laid Him on a wisp in an ox-stall—I trow there was poverty enough!" It is all realised, as by some contemporary artist of the cloister, who had no wish to denude the Gospels of their positive externals, by way of honouring their internal message. Rolle has an extraordinary passion of humble faith, finding utterance in touching words. He asks of the Blessed Virgin "neither castles, nor towns, nor none other world's weal, nor sun, nor moon, nor none of the bodies of Heaven, nor nothing: but wounds of ruth, of pain, and of compassion of sweet Jesu my Lord's passion is all my desire." For he has "appetite to pain," for the Passion's sake. "Ah, sweet Jesu, then were there five great floods of blood from hands, feet, and side. Thy chin hangeth on Thy breast, the white of Thine eyes is cast upward, Thy lips shrink, Thy white teeth show, Thy lovely face is become all pale, Thine hair clotted all with blood." But from such piteous and vivid realisation he always passes to a moral or to prayer: there is no morbid feverishness of imagination. The counsels for daily life, the "Form of Perfect Living," are direct and plain, rich in common sense, application to the world, knowledge of human nature; yet all in rigorous conformity with orthodox belief, with the doctrine of Augustine and of Bernard, Anselm and Bonaventure. As M. Huysmans' latest hero discovered, Catholic mysticism is justified by experience; it contains a true psychology; it *works*. Rolle sets it forth with beauty and intensity of speech, which do not obscure its matter-of-fact truth to the realities of life. He was a man of visions and ecstasies, living in "worlds not realised" by the mass of men; and the result is not a mere hysterical emotion, nor wayward rhapsody, but a consistent and verifiable doctine, containing nothing of which "Seynt Thomas Alqwyne" or "Seynt Gregor" could disapprove. Not that he is a metaphysical theologian, a scholastic; his fundamental theology is that of tradition, and personal experience has instructed him in its ascetic and mystic sides. The other writers in this volume, whilst distinctly without his imaginative genius, are no less practical and sane. It is a book of extreme interest for theologians, men of letters, and philologists, in almost equal degree.

This is the first volume in a "Library of English Writers," edited by Dr. Horstman, late Professor in the University of Berlin. We have modernised the spelling of our extracts, but, as is the only scholarly way of editing old writers, Dr. Horstman gives the ancient texts—often in two versions, a northern and a southern—with variant readings, and all essential *apparatus criticus*. He would seem to have spared no pains upon the arduous business of transcription and collation. His first instalment of an introduction upon the rise and origins of mysticism and scholasticism in the Church is valuable, if perhaps somewhat too concise. We have scarcely been able to indicate the varied wealth of matter in the volume, preferring to dwell upon Richard Rolle, Hermit of Hampole, an early glory of English piety and of English prose.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF PHRYGIA.

THE CITIES AND BISHOPRICS OF PHRYGIA. By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L. Vol. I. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

DR. RAMSAY'S work, if we may judge from this its first instalment, is one of singular value, historically, geographically, ecclesiastically, and philologically, and is in every way a worthy successor to his great work on "The Church in the Roman Empire." Of all countries in the ancient world Asia Minor is comparatively the least known, and this holds good especially of Phrygia, owing to "a lack of unity in the vicissitudes of the land and its people," as well as of "adequate authorities, which would make it hard to give order and cohesion to the narrative." The fatality that has befallen the history of Asia Minor reminds one of the striking fatality which befell so many great rulers who perished in that country, such as Seleucus VI., who was burnt to death at Mopsuestia; the Emperor Trajan, who died at Selinus; the Emperor Constantine, who perished at Mopsuestia, the Emperor Barbarossa, Florianus, Maximianus, and many others, including the wisest and the best of the Khalifs, Alma-a-main, who perished in Cilicia.

Dr. Ramsay, from the very necessity of his case, has been driven to write a *local* history of Phrygia, and with this view he has visited and inspected its various localities, tracing as he does the "history of its past in the facts of the present, in the faces, manners, pronunciations, tales, and superstitions of the people, as well as in the monuments and inscriptions," which have survived to the present time. The earliest inhabitants of Phrygia appear to have been the Anatolean, traceable to prehistoric times, who fell before victorious invaders from Europe, who in their turn were conquered by the Greeks under Alexander the Great, to be succeeded by Roman, Byzantine, and Mohammedan conquerors. What is most unique in its history is this: no country has undergone so many and so manifold vicissitudes in its history; into no other country have so many different races immigrated, and yet in no other country has there been so little fusion. They live even to the present day in almost total exclusiveness, distinct from each other in blood, manners, and customs. Not the least merit of the volume before us is its valuable and surprising contributions to the history alike of Paganism and Christianity, beginning with a detailed account of the oldest Anatolean religion that was "the adoration of the life of Nature" with obscene symbols and obscene rites. "The mystery of self-production," writes Dr. Ramsay, "of eternal unity amid temporary density, is the key to explain all the repulsive legends and ceremonies that cluster round that worship." It is to this cult that the Greek religion was indebted for its Eleusinian and other mysteries. This religion, it must be remembered, originated among a people whose social system was not founded on marriage, and among whom the mother, not the father, was the head of the family, and relationship was counted only through her, and the system accordingly was known as the matriarchal, as distinguished from the patriarchal. The social system of Asia Minor seems to have been founded on a division of the citizens into trades, and not, like the Greeks and Romans, into tribes. These trades had their respective guilds, governed by presidents; and during the Roman domination they were registered and brought into the category of *collegia legitima*, such was the singular elasticity of the Roman rule. Asia Minor, though so long traversed by nomadic tribes, gradually lost its nomadic character, and became step by step a settled agricultural country in its villages, but with commerce and manufactures in its towns. Some of the Yuruk tribes retained their nomadism very completely down to the present period, but within the last few years the Government has taken away their tents, and compelled them to abandon it. It is singular that the Christian Churches planted in Asia did more

than the Roman Imperial Government itself could do towards the unification of the country, by the bishoprics it founded and the ecclesiastical government it established; and of this fact Dr. Ramsay has collected abundant evidence from inscriptions and other monumental memorials. In many cases Dr. Ramsay has corrected in these pages the errors of Strabo and other ancient geographers, and identified the names of places and their sites which have been long problematical, and this especially in dealing with the Asiatic bishoprics. One of the most interesting passages—too long to quote—is his account of the Church of Laodicea. The moral of the work points in almost every page to the unchangeableness of the East, as in the following passage:—

"The permanence of religious feeling, and the persistence with which it has clung to particular localities amid all changes in the outward form of the dominant religion, is one of the most remarkable features of the history of Asia Minor. This fact often aids us to localise the ancient names. No religious fact has perished except where population has actually become extinct; and even where population has entirely disappeared, a small religious foundation alone exists to prove that human life and religious feeling once had a home here."

The volume before us teems with illustrations of the permanency of this religious influence, as, for example, in the case of the Mevlevi Dervishes, who now dance to the music of Cybele's own instruments—cymbals and flutes—and probably to the actual airs played centuries before Christ. It is only the merest justice to Dr. Ramsay to characterise his work as the most ample and accurate local history of Phrygia which has hitherto appeared, though we are not prepared in some few cases, without further elucidation, to accept his interpretation of ancient inscriptions.

"THE ABSTRACTS AND BRIEF CHRONICLES OF THE TIME."

State Papers. (1) Papal Letters. Vol. II. 1305—1342. Edited by W. B. Bliss. (2) Calendar of the Patent Rolls. Edward I. 1292—1301. Edited by the Deputy-Keeper of the Records. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode.

These two volumes are like their fellows in the long series, only more so. The facts recorded are still more minute, the details dryer, the touch of human interest rarer, and yet, by turning over their pages, you get that direct impression of the life of the time, of the hopes, fears, aspirations, interests of those vanished years such as immediate contact with the original contemporary records alone supplies.

The present Pope has thrown the huge manuscript treasures of the Vatican open to scholars of all lands, and these volumes collect every mention of England through the years to which they refer. Many entries refer to dispensations. Rules were made only to be broken, though for the breaking there was something to pay. Thus Th.do de Varesio is a fortunate youth; he is but seven years old, and has only the first tonsure. He already is a Canon and Prebend of Beauvais; to this is added a canonry and Prebend's stall at Lichfield, and the like at Salisbury. Lest his youthful attention should be distracted by a variety of occupations, he is allowed to absent himself from all three during three years. From other entries, we find him Archdeacon of Barksyre, and much else. High ecclesiastical authorities are urged to assist against those who molest him touching his benefices. We gather that these favours are due to the influence of Amalvinus de Varesio, Knight, Lord of Montferand, whose kinsman he is. The case of Margaret de Clara, Countess of Cornwall, was somewhat hard. Her husband Edmund—on his deathbed, it would seem—made her vow to visit Jerusalem, and do numerous other inconvenient acts. She is now licensed by Clement V. to choose her confessor, who may commute those engagements. No need to multiply instances; the examples of pluralism and non-residence are so gross and so frequent, that all the mediæval satirists seem to have understated their case against ecclesiastical abuses. Cases of violence were frequent. In 1316 a certain canon, one John de Walsam, attacked his Grace of Norwich with a sword and grievously wounded him; the bishop recovered, the canon did penance, and all was well. Marchus, canon of Dryburgh, had summarily ended a discussion with his abbot by knocking him down with his fist. He makes satisfaction and is absolved by John XXII. But the most notable ecclesiastical sinner of the time was Roland, Archbishop of Armagh; for five years he had been excommunicate, he neglected all his duties, he beat and wounded his priests, he depleted the treasury and pawned the contents—together with a number of vestments. He sold the very roof-timbers of his buildings; "he is charged with these and many other crimes, such as bloodshed, adultery, and incest." Small wonder that he is cited to appear in person before the Pope. He seems to have resigned, for next year (1323) Stephen is appointed to the see.

Now and again one touches some old romance, still bearing a faint perfume as of withered rose-leaves. Thus, in 1313, an entry tells how Synolda, a damsel of nine, was seized by Adam, called "Lenfaunt," who violently married her. She was freed from him. The case came before the Ecclesiastical Court, who decided in Adam's favour. She appealed to the Pope. Before he gave his decision she—having then attained the age of twelve—married Richard de Lacy, a youthful knight of fourteen. Adam conveniently died; children are born of her union with Richard, and Clement V. finally confirms their marriage. Of minor curiosities—such as portable altars, permission to celebrate high mass before daylight—there is no lack, but the case of Richard, abbot of Edmund's, must be noticed. Everyone who came to hear him preach was to have a relaxation of forty days of enjoined penance. Was this because he was so edifying or so tedious? The Papal See during this period was in doubt as to the claims of the English throne on Scotland and France. Sometimes Bruce is given the title of king, more often not; once, the Pope courteously apologises to him for withholding it, but "every schoolboy knows" that in the end Bruce won the day.

The entries in the other volume are more voluminous, but of less varied interest; nor do they call for special mention here.

SOME RECENT VERSE.

Tillers of the Sand. By Owen Seaman. London: Smith & Elder.

Songs and Other Verses. By Dollie Radford. London: John Lane.

Mordred and Hildebrand. By W. W. Campbell. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.

My Own Child. By Edmund James Mills. London: Constable & Co.

Sonnets and Songs. By M. W. Findlater. London: David Nutt.

The City of the Crimson Walls. By Stephen Foreman. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

Mr. Owen Seaman's political squibs are a great advance on his Cambridge verses. Indeed, the wit is so sprightly, the gibes so good-humoured, the humour so excellent in quality, that one laughs with Mr. Seaman without distinction of party. He is own brother to Calverley, and in modern times there has been nothing so good of its sort as "Tillers of the Sand." His mock heroics are very good indeed, and we can pardon him for the irreverence which spares not to parody even Shakespeare and Wordsworth, because the thing is done so well and wittily. "The Bore's Dream," "The Bitter Cry of the Private Member," and others of these parodies could not well be bettered. Mr. Seaman proves himself so brilliant a jester that it needs must be he takes the jester's privilege of offending no one.

Mrs. Radford has, we know of old, a charming faculty of making songs, musical and sweet, at once

so simple and so lyrical that a child or a bird might sing them. Yet there are deep human notes in them. Mrs. Radford produces a charming effect with a very little effort, as in this:—

"The little songs which come and go,
In tender measures to and fro,
Whene'er the day brings you to me,
Keep my heart full of melody.

"But on my lute I strive in vain
To play the music o'er again.
And you, dear love, will never know
The little songs which come and go."

The book has many things as delicate and complete as this, but Mrs. Radford has not been well-advised in including a few poems towards the end too occasional in interest for so sincere and flower-like a book.

Mr. Campbell's book of tragedies is founded on the best models, and is not ill done; but it would require to be so very well done to justify its existence, that *that* is scarcely reason enough.

Mr. Mills's pathetic book of memorial verse is much higher in quality than such books often are, and there is no presumption in his setting it before the public rather than keeping it for his private eye. It is a long book, in which he treats his sorrow in diverse ways; but there is scarcely a poem without some dignity or beauty. He has not often the intimate knowledge that makes the eyes of others be opened to a personal sorrow, but there are touches of this rare quality throughout his book. Such a one is the sonnet, "Her Mirror"; and here is a lyric which, though the handling is not skilful, yet catches a real and tender fancy—

"A little packet lay
Each morning in my way;
Luncheon was inside,
Nothing seemed amiss.
But when 'twas opened wide—
Ah, I found a kiss!

"Such was her tender care
My heart should have sweet fare
In its daily lot.
She had somehow known
Man's deep nature liveth not—
Not by bread alone."

"M. W. Findlater" seems to be a new writer, and her "Sonnets and Songs" have genuine poetic qualities. Some of these sonnets might have been ascribed to Christina Rossetti. The writer has the common feminine failing of being too melancholy, a fault which, no doubt, she will correct in her work later. Unrelieved melancholy is always languid and lifeless. It is a pity low vitality should spoil such work as this. There is a wonderful sonnet of Sydney Dobell's on the Crimean War of which one is somehow reminded in reading these sonnets, with their curious realism.

ANNIE FERGUSON.

"With sounds of life about her, in her ears
Ever the voice of Death, she sits and sees,
Listless, with thin hands idle on her knees,
The household come and go. *They* do not fear
That last cold morning she has come so near,
When Dawn shall be as darkness, and the ease
She longed so long for can no longer please.
She scorns their stupid comfort. She can hear

"Only the voice that tells her life is done.
'Yet up beyond that depth of blue,' they say,
'The chorus of the adoring hosts goes on
Piercingly sweet, and in the eternal day.
The wise are satisfied'—'I saw,' said John,
'Ten thousand times ten thousand.' Who are they?

II.

"She died last night. How deep the snows of May
Bloom on the thickets there! See how her face
Is blindly turned against the light. The grace
Of Spring comes new, as it was yesterday,
And ever shall be. They have put away
Her hands beneath the sheet. How green the place!
See through the leaves the butterflies that chase
Each other in the sun—ah, poor, dead clay!

"The mouth is silent and the eyes are blind,
But how the young leaves in the sun and shade
Tremble against the faint, delicious wind!
Her life is ended and her grave is made.
And is this all that Death can leave behind?
Good Lord, deliver me! I am afraid!"

We look with great interest to M. W. Findlater's next volume of poems.

"The City of the Scarlet Walls" has a certain lurid strength in keeping with its title and its blood-red cover. Mr. Foreman has dramatic intensity and occasionally fire and passion, but in all these long poems there is a want of relief, a monotony, which leaves the reader's attention free. Mr. Foreman has done honest and dignified work, but these do not constitute poetry.

FICTION.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF FRANCE. By Stanley Weyman. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

THE MEN OF THE MOSS-HAGS. Being a History of Adventure, taken from the Papers of William Gordon of Earlstoun, in Galloway, and told over again by S. R. Crockett. London: Isbister & Co., Limited.

CLARENCE. By Bret Harte. London: Chatto & Windus.

MR. STANLEY WEYMAN'S "Memoirs of a Minister of France" will delight readers of all ages and tastes. It is a renewed attempt to paint for us the life of mediæval France, and if on this occasion we are given a string of detached miniatures rather than one broad canvas, it is bare justice to the author to say that the interest of his work suffers no diminution in consequence of its altered form. The Minister, De Rosny, famous in history, professes to relate in these pages twelve stirring episodes in the history of his service under his beloved monarch. Each story is complete in itself, and each, we may add, has a special interest of its own. But although there is no connection of plot in these chapters, they have the more subtle, and, in a sense, more satisfactory connection of character. In each Henry and his Minister appear in some characteristic light, so that there is a continuity in the book which enables the reader to feel that he is perusing not a series of detached stories, but successive chapters of memoirs, which, combined, bring before the reader the clear image not only of the monarch, but of his great Minister. To take the book lightly at first, as a mere series of tales designed to amuse, we may say that we have here all those qualities that have given their distinctive character to Mr. Weyman's works. Plot and character, intrigue and adventure, are brought together in a dozen delightful combinations, and so skilfully is the interest sustained that there is not a single story which the reader will care to lay down unfinished, or which will not bear a second perusal. Some of the tales belong to tragedy, and some to something like farce; but in every case we breathe the air of a Court, and feel that mediæval France is brought to life again. It is, however, in its more serious aspect that "The Memoirs of a Minister of France" does the amplest justice to the great abilities of its author. We enjoy each particular tale for itself, but when all is done, that which we admire even more than this infinite variety of jest and plot and thrilling adventure, is the remarkable skill with which Mr. Weyman has painted for us the character of the King, never indulging in direct description, but subtly indicating one or another of Henry's many moods, until, at last, the man himself stands revealed before us. There is high art in such an achievement as this—art to which very few living writers can attain. It gives to the memoirs a value infinitely greater than that which ordinarily attaches to volumes of short stories, however admirably they may be told.

Certain superfine critics of the school of Cockaigne—gentlemen who probably gather their ideas of life from the stretch of pavement between St. Dunstan's and St. Paul's—have thought fit to sneer at what they call the "kail-yard" school among modern

Scotch writers. There is something of the kail-yard in "The Men of the Moss-Hags"—something that we should be sorry to miss. But there are certain other things which might convince even a Cockney critic that the romance of Scottish life was not exhausted by Sir Walter, and that it may even be found in close connection with the despised kail-yard. In this story Mr. Crockett has given us part of the tragedy of Claverhouse and the Covenanters, a tragedy which still has power to stir the blood of Scotsmen and to thrill their hearts with rare emotion. Granted that the creed of the Covenanter was narrow, that his temper was often dour, and that in the graces of life he was confessedly deficient, he still remains a truly heroic figure on the stage of history. Perhaps he was more heroic in his endurance than in his actual deeds, but the passive hero need fear no comparison with the hero in action; and the old men and women and tender children who allowed themselves to be done to death by the most cruel and contemptible of all Scotch persecutors rather than give up what they believed to be the truth, remain, upon the whole, the most heroic figures Scotland has yet produced. Plot is not the strong point in Mr. Crockett's story. It is full of incident and adventure, as it must needs be, considering the times with which it deals; but it reads more like a chronicle of real life than a work of fiction. William Gordon, the younger son of the Laird of Earlstoun, who tells the story, is a Covenanter by birth rather than conviction. Maisie May, the cousin whom he has loved from childhood, belongs also to the Covenant, though in her there is more touch of conscience and faith than appears in the case of her lover. It is the story of the harrying of these two and their families by Claverhouse and the yet more infamous "Lag"—of their perils, their flight, their hidings among the hills and the heather, and their ultimate triumph—that Mr. Crockett bids us read. A wild tale it is, as full of hairbreadth escapes and desperate deeds as any modern tale of African adventure, but it is set upon a different plane than that which the doings of Alan Quartermain and the like attain. It is all interfused with the spirit of religious exaltation which inspired the Covenanters, and it reads like the truth. We are introduced to the hillside preachings to which men listened literally with the fear of death upon them. We see little children defying Claverhouse himself to make them take the test, and we are carried to the caves and lairs where thousands of good men tried to hide from the never-ceasing persecution. Incidentally Mr. Crockett tells again, and as from the lips of an eye-witness, the never-to-be-forgotten story of the Wigtown martyrs, and tells it with rare pathos and delicacy. Here and there the narrative may flag, and sometimes the expedients by which the hero is saved may verge on the melodramatic; but, taken as a whole, the story carries the reader along with a strong sense that he is dealing, not with the creations of a novelist, but with real men and women, who lived and suffered in this fashion among the Scottish hills two centuries ago. The book marks, we think, a further advance in Mr. Crockett's powers, and leads us to look for work from him in the future that may be even more vigorous and convincing.

"Clarence" completes the story which Bret Harte has for some time been telling us concerning the fortunes of Judge Peyton and his charming but imperious wife, their adopted daughter, Susy, the waif of the plains, and Clarence Brant, the young Californian. When the present volume opens, Judge Peyton is dead and Clarence has become the husband of his widow, whilst Susy, for whom the boy had so often sighed in vain, is an actress, and the wife of Clarence's old playfellow, Jim Hooker. According, therefore, to the usual canons of fiction, everybody is married and done for, and it is time for the curtain to descend; but Mr. Harte can override stereotyped laws, and out of the after-fortunes of Clarence and his wife he has constructed a story of thrilling interest, full of those delightful touches which give to Mr. Harte's work its peculiar charm. The time is the great Civil War, and almost in the opening chapter we are brought face to face with the fact that in the fratricidal struggle the hero stands on one side and his wife upon the other. It is the tragedy of their separation that furnishes the plot of the tale. We are taken into the field with the Northern army, in which Clarence Brant holds the rank of brigadier-general; and Mr. Harte shows us that he can describe the life of battlefields with as true a touch and as keen an inspiration as that with which he has described the life of mining camps. His characters drift to Washington, and we have a wonderful picture of the capital during the war, and a portrait of Lincoln that will serve better than a dozen biographies to make the great President's figure familiar to future generations. But in whatever scene we move, whether among Cabinet Ministers at the White House, soldiers in the field or women in their boudoirs, we have an abiding sense of the consummate grace and skill with which Mr. Harte does his work. Veteran as he is, he still has the heart of a boy, and can draw a heroine whom all men are compelled to love just as surely as in his earliest works. We hope to have many more books from the same pen. We can hardly hope for any better than the three volumes which tell us of the fortunes of Clarence Brant.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THERE has just been added to the "Scott Library" a new and cheap edition of that classic book "The Complete Angler." Mr. Hill Dick has written the inevitable "introduction" with more than average degree of taste and critical discernment. Charles Lamb, in a letter to Coleridge, does justice to a book which passed in truth long ago beyond all common praise:—"Among all your quaint readings, did you ever light upon Walton's 'Complete Angler'? I asked you the question once before. It breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart. There are many choice old verses interspersed in it; it would Christianise every discordant passion. Pray make yourself acquainted with it!" One wonders whether Coleridge had the good sense to take Elia's advice. Metaphysics were more in his line than fly-fishing, and, if the truth must be told, he was lazy. Coleridge cheated himself with dreams and schemes until he grew a confirmed dawdler as well as a "damaged archangel." The first edition of the "Complete Angler" was published far back in the seventeenth century, and we should not like to hazard a guess at the number of its reprints. Their name in truth is legion, a circumstance which may stand to the credit—on the score of wholesome taste—of many generations of "ordinary readers." There is no doubt that Walton wrote excellent prose, though his long sentences are at times sufficiently trying to modern patience. Mr. Hall Dick does justice not merely to an immortal work but to the man who wrote it:—"In his life he sought quietude and composure, and the good nature and the good humour that these make possible. The very spirit of kindliness and goodwill to God and men is present in the book, as being part of his own disposition, and yet more notably in the *Lives*. . . Humour is no more absent from the book than from the man, innocent, harmless humour, so delightful that we would fain have more of it. One could easily believe the incident of the gipsies and the beggars to be taken from some comedy of Shakespeare, so vivid is the scene, so life-like the situation; and the occasional humour of the dialogue is

* THE COMPLETE ANGLER OF WALTON AND COTTON. Edited with an Introduction by Charles Hill Dick. (The Scott Library.) London: Walter Scott.

PEASANT RENTS. By Richard Jones. (Economic Classics.) Edited by W. J. Ashley. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

DAGONET ABROAD. By George R. Sims. London: Chatto & Windus.

FEATS ON THE FIORD. By Harriet Martineau. (The School and Home Library.) London, Glasgow, and Dublin: Blackie & Son.

THE "AUTOCRAT" BIRTHDAY BOOK. Being Selections from the Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Arranged by A. L. Macdonald.—HOME-MAKING. By the Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D., Author of "Come Ye Apart," etc. London: The Sunday School Union.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ZOOLOGY. By B. Lindsay, C.S. of Girton College, Cambridge. With 124 Illustrations and Diagrams. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY. By N. Menschutkin, Professor in the University of St. Petersburg. Translated from the Third German Edition, under the supervision of the Author, by James Locke. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

always in fine taste. Walton's humour is that of the man who, to use M. Scherer's words, 'does not sever himself from humanity, but who takes his own shortcomings and those of his fellow-creatures cheerfully.' Walton, too, loved poetry, English ballads and songs, 'old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age'; and one of the attractions of 'The Complete Angler' is in those angling songs, those rare melodious verses that come as interludes in the prose dialogue." There is truth in the assertion that whether the Father of Angling is talking of fish and the most approved methods of landing them, or indulging in the cheap luxury of the moral homily, he is always good company and pleasant to read. For our own part we are not inclined to quarrel with Venator's judgment on his friend Piscator's performances—"His discourse seems to be music, and charms one to an attention."

It is scarcely too much to say that Richard Jones to the present generation is an almost forgotten political economist. He was born at Tunbridge Wells in 1790, and in 1822, after a university training at Cambridge, became curate of Brasted in Kent. Nine years later he became known by the publication of his "Essay on the Distribution of Wealth and the Sources of Taxation," and in 1835 this uncompromising opponent of Ricardo succeeded Malthus—of "Population" fame—in the chair of Political Economy at Haileybury—a position which he held for nearly twenty years. The first half of Richard Jones' subtle criticism on the "Distribution of Wealth" has just been published in the new series of books entitled "Economic Classics" which Professor Ashley is editing for Messrs. Macmillan. Long ago no less an authority than John Stuart Mill drew attention to the singular value of the facts on the landed tenures of various nations, which made the book remarkable, and its republication at the present time seems uncommonly opportune. "In recent years much attention has been paid to the economic structure of mediæval England. Yet it has not been sufficiently noticed how abundant is the light cast upon it by the history, even in the present century—of serfdom in Central and Eastern Europe. When Jones was gathering his material, serfdom was there still but slowly passing away, and he commented upon the facts before him with the insight of an economist and the practical knowledge of a sagacious agriculturist." It has been justly urged that Jones stands midway between Adam Smith and the modern school of historical economists, and this volume throws into bold relief his claims as a philosophical student who pinned his faith to the inductive method.

Under the title of "Dagonet Abroad," Mr. George R. Sims has just published his holiday impressions of places and people. The book describes its author's experiences in Bordeaux, Madrid, Vienna, Milan, Naples, Budapest, and Algiers, and it is written with a picturesque, though rather careless, pen. There is nothing in the least degree remarkable about the volume beyond a certain racy, if slightly vulgar, shrewdness of expression. The laboured smartness of these descriptions becomes somewhat depressing after a time, and small jokes do not make the narrative more attractive. Doubtless there are people who appreciate books of this superficial, free-and-easy stamp, and they may be safely left to their raptures over the mild adventures of "Dagonet Abroad."

Harriet Martineau wrote many books, and many of them are forgotten. She excelled as a journalist, but was scarcely an impartial historian. It has been claimed that she did more by her stories in illustration of Political Economy to render the "dismal science" popular than all the contemporary writers on the subject put together were able to accomplish. Most of her fiction is forgotten, but "Deerbrook," "The Crofton Boys," and "Feats on the Fiord" seem likely to escape oblivion. Messrs. Blackie have just added the latter story of adventure to their "Home and School Library," and it is safe to predict that in this cheap form the book will enjoy a renewed lease of life.

Of making of birthday books there seems no end—in response, presumably, to a ceaseless appreciation for that kind of literature. Oliver Wendell Holmes has now been compelled to pay tribute—in the shape of elegant extracts from "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"—to the literary necessities of the sentimental. Needless to say, he does it with genial grace, and the result is a little book which abounds in sententious epigrams in which lurk that sunny philosophy of life and conduct which sensible folk on both sides of the Atlantic long ago learnt to appreciate.

Many counsels of perfection are set forth with winning frankness in Dr. J. R. Miller's wise and wholesome book on the gentle art of "Home-Making" and the characteristics of the "ideal of family life." Those who do not care to listen to good advice had better leave this volume alone. People, however, who honestly wish to do their duty in all the relations of life will find in its pages much that is helpful and stimulating. Every house in these days is by no means a home in the sacred and beautiful sense which is unfolded in these pages. Dr. Miller writes with sturdy common-sense as well as true discernment, and his illustrations are introduced with a felicity which perceptibly heighten the sweet reasonableness of such an appeal to all the best instincts of us all.

The zoological text-book before us is intended for beginners, but not primarily for scholastic ones. The special class of students whose interests have been considered are adult students who, without much preparation, wish to work at the subject for themselves. For such students full bibliographical lists are supplied, so that they may not waste their time on obsolete literature. The volume is agreeably written, and, at the same time, gives solid information. It is divided into "General Principles of Zoology," "Systematic Zoology," and "Advice to Students," the last part consisting of three short chapters. Under "General Principles" there is a chapter on "The Origin of Species," and one on "The Instinct and Intelligence of Animals." The first of these gives a good elementary notion of the Darwinian theory; the second is a little too general, instinct being regarded simply as inherited habit, and nothing being said about Darwin's chapter on instinct. The view of Whewell that natural classification must be by type rather than by definition—in what is said of it on p. 125—seems to be accepted rather too implicitly. Perhaps, also, the author thinks a little too well of the method of beginning zoology with detailed study of a few types instead of with a general outline of classification. The book has, however, the merit of giving such a general outline in Part II. It may be added that all through due importance is assigned to development.

In Professor Menschutkin's work a very good handbook of analytical chemistry is made accessible to English students. More than half is devoted to Qualitative Analysis; but there is also a considerable portion (pp. 295—507) introducing the student to Quantitative Analysis. The Quantitative part includes treatment of Gravimetric, Volumetric, and Organic Analysis (into ultimate constituents). The method of exposition all through is such as to encourage thought—on which the author lays stress—a too mechanical arrangement of processes being avoided. The translation generally has been well done, though there is occasionally a slip in idiom. In the following sentence, for example, the word "enable" is used in a manner that is inconsistent with English usage: "Observation of the properties and reactions of any one element enables its detection when alone." There is also a sentence in the preface containing a reference to "the important phenomena which enable the qualitative detection and quantitative estimation of the elements in any of their almost innumerable compounds." Here some such expression as "render possible" ought, of course, to have been substituted; but in translating from the German it is rather difficult to avoid all slips of the kind.

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